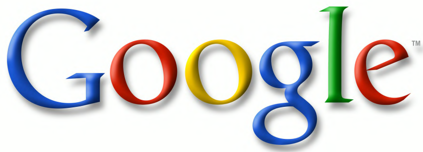

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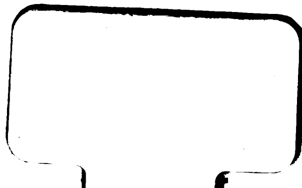

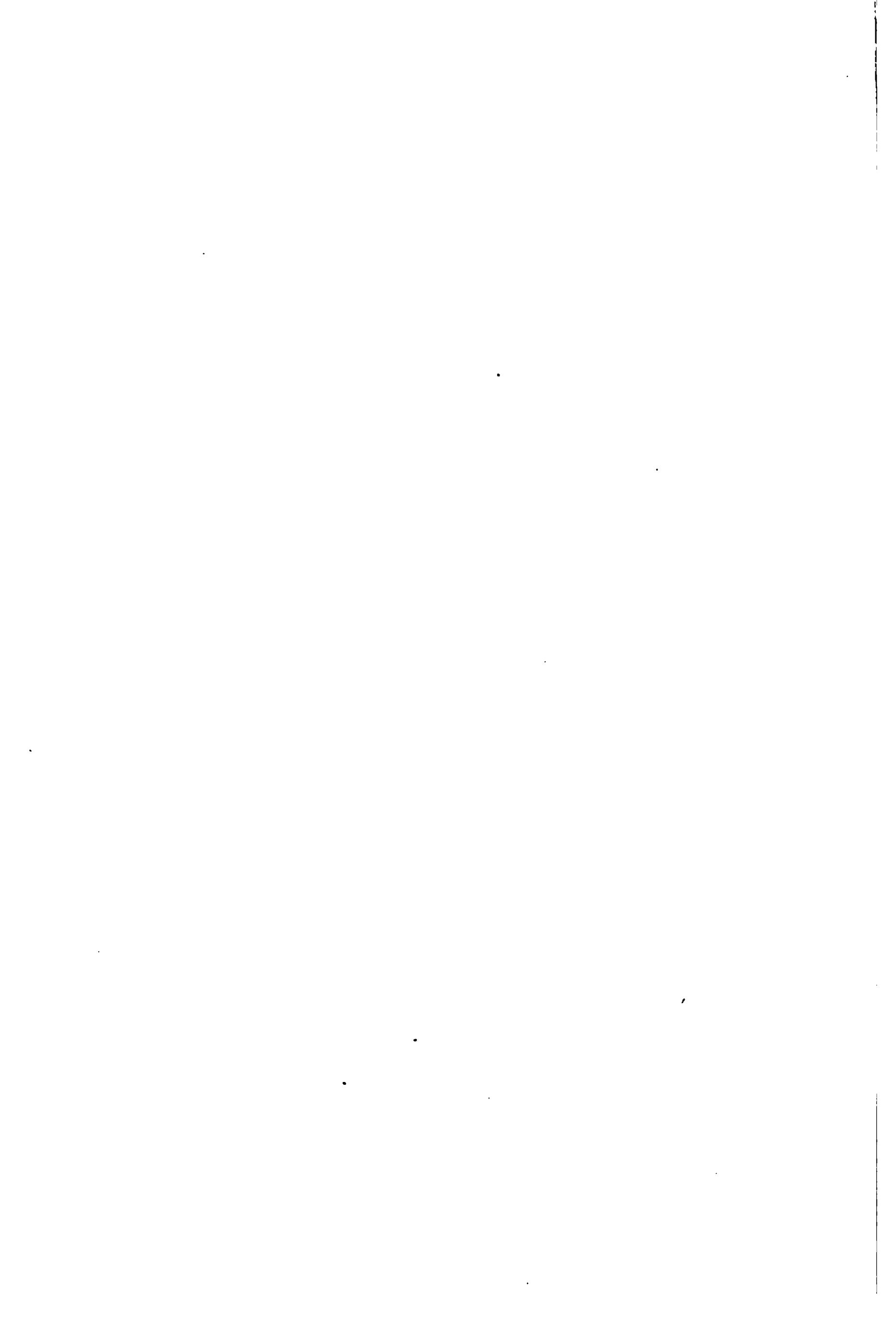

# THE SPANISH IN THE SOUTHWEST

BY

ROSA V. WINTERBURN

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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SPANISH IN SOUTHWEST.

W. P. 10

To My Husband

THIS WORK IS DEDICATED

# INTRODUCTORY NOTE

FROM the simplicity of the Indians, through the biographies of gold-seeking Spaniards and the indolence of the Spanish occupation, to the complexities of the constitutional era, runs this writing. To have been purely historical by omitting the story element would have taken the work out of the realm of the children for whom it is intended; to have presented only incidents and biographies would have destroyed historical values. So the book is indeed a story of history, a collection of stories selected and arranged to present historical characteristics and tendencies of periods.

Believing that to some extent the form of narration should follow the psychological development of the subject treated, the manner of telling the story has been steadily adapted to meet conditions. Simple and childlike when writing of the Indians; biographical in the early days before the efforts of an individual were reckoned into the sum of activities; thoughtful and reasoning in the difficulties of the contact with foreigners.

If the children of the Pacific slope read and enjoy, finding in and between the lines an uprising of love and respect for their glorious country, and of determined loyalty in the protection of its honor and morality, this little book will have fulfilled its mission.

R. V. W.

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# THE SPANISH IN THE SOUTHWEST

## I. BEFORE THE COMING OF THE SPANISH

### CHAPTER I

#### INDIAN LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

BEFORE white people came to California there were Indians everywhere. In the mountains, on the seacoast, along the rivers, were the rude homes of the dark-skinned natives, grouped into villages in each of which a tribe usually lived. They were a happy, jolly people. They liked to play games, to laugh, and to have enough to eat; but they rarely worked except when it was necessary to hunt food. The neighboring tribes had so little to do with one another that often the Indians of one village could not understand the language of another only a few miles away.

The huts were scattered along the streams where fish were most abundant; or near groves of trees where nuts or acorns grew; or where any kind of food was to be found. They were built in different ways. In those parts of California where there were few trees a round hole was dug, three to four feet deep and ten to twelve feet

across; poles were erected around the edge and fastened together at the top; twigs or tules were woven into the framework thus made, or mud was plastered over the outside; a small hole was left at the bottom for a door, and another at the top to let out the smoke. This was the warm winter hut, which when finished looked like a big bowl turned upside down.

A winter hut

All winter long, when fires were burning, the hut was close and filled with smoke. As a result, the eyes of the Indians were often badly diseased. Many old people had very sore eyes, or they became totally blind.

The Indians were not bothered with furniture. They had no beds, chairs, nor tables. They ate with fingers instead of forks. They slept on the floor. When night came, father, mother, and children crept in through the low doorway, stretched themselves

A summer hut

on the ground, and went to sleep. There was no attempt to keep the floor clean. During the winter, when they ate in the hut, pieces of meat, bones, and other refuse were thrown around until even the Indians could no longer endure the filth. Then the old place was burned down, and a new one built. If the spring had come, this was of brushwood, and for a time, at least, it was clean.

The Indians ate almost anything that was not poisonous. Acorns, grass seeds, nuts, clover, wild oats, berries, — whatever was in season. They caught fish, and hunted and trapped deer. They ate lizards, rabbits, frogs, grasshoppers, and even repulsive worms.

Mortars for grinding meal

The acorns and grass seeds were pounded into a kind of coarse meal. This was work for the women, who spent the greater part of their time gathering and preparing food. Even to-day, if one goes near an Indian village where the old ways of life are kept up, he will hear a steady "thump! thump!" It is the women and girls sitting on the ground, pounding meal or cracking acorns and nuts with stones. The mortars in which they ground their meal were rude stone bowls pounded out of the rock by years of use. The pounding was done with long, slender stones called pestles.

The Indians who lived in the mountains or foothills did not always take the trouble to make mortars. They pounded the acorns and nuts on some flat rock, probably in some hole already there; as month after month and year after year passed, and the pounding was continued in the same places, holes as large as mortar hollows were made. Some rocks have a large number of such bowls in them, showing that many squaws must have sat near each other at their work. Perhaps they laughed and talked as they pounded, and the rock may have been their pleasantest place of meeting during the day.

When the white people came to California, the Indians had no kettles. They used baskets in which to cook their food. These were woven so tight that they would hold water, but they could not be placed on the fire. To cook the meal a basket was filled with water, and hot stones were then dropped into it. When the water was almost boiling, the stones were taken out and the meal put in and stirred constantly until the mush was well cooked. The Indians ate their mush with their fingers. When it was so thick that it could be taken up with one finger, it was called one-finger mush; and it was two-finger or three-finger mush, according to the number of fingers necessary to make the spoon for dipping it out. Whenever the Indians were going hunting or on a long trip gathering food, a basketful of cold mush was carried along on the back of some squaw.

Grasshoppers, cooked in several ways, were thought fine eating. Catching them was usually work for the women and children. Dry grass was drawn into a heap,

and the Indians scattered around it in a large circle, beating the grass and bushes. The grasshoppers were driven into the pile of dry grass, which was set on fire at all places at once. Dry as tinder, it blazed up instantly, burned fiercely for a few moments, and died out, leaving the grasshoppers roasted on the ground. Basketfuls were picked up by the Indians; they were either eaten as they were or ground fine in the mortar and stirred into the mush. This was a favorite dish.

Gathering grass seeds was hard work, and therefore was usually done by the women. Early in the morning, before the man of the family was awake, the woman started out to collect seeds for the day. Her cone-shaped basket hung on her back, supported by a strap across the forehead. Her scoop basket was in her hand. Often a child or two clung to her, or they, too, were carried on her strong, broad back. Coming to the ripe grass, she whipped off the seeds with her scoop and threw them over her shoulder into the deep basket. When this was

Pounding the grass seed

full, she returned home, and pounded the meal for the daily mush.

The women were the drudges of the family, especially in gathering and preparing food. The husbands do not seem to have been unkind to their wives and children, except that by their laziness they shirked nearly all of the hard work. In some respects, however, they were kinder than the eastern Indians; for when they hunted and fished they carried home their heavy loads themselves, instead of leaving them for the women.

In the season for wild ducks and geese the Indians had merry feasting. The whole village often traveled many miles to reach the rivers, ponds, and swamps visited by these birds. There were some strange ways of catching them. One tribe used to scatter on the bottom of a shallow stream red berries which they knew the ducks liked. A net was stretched over them a few inches under the water, and a decoy was placed. Then the Indians waited for a real duck to come along and dive for the tempting bait. A berry might be picked up, but as the duck tried to raise his head, he twisted it in the net; before he could loosen it he was drowned. Thus held fast, he served for another decoy, and the Indians soon had ducks enough for several meals with very little trouble to themselves.

A trick was played on the deer also. An Indian put on a deer's head and antlers, and crept toward the feeding place. He was careful to make no noise, and not to be seen. When he was very near he raised his head under the antlers which he wore, and pretended to be eating

grass. The deer were curious; they stopped eating to look at the newcomer; but the Indian kept quietly on as if he were really feeding. Finally the deer felt so sure that this was an animal like themselves that they were no longer afraid of him. Then the Indian crept nearer and nearer until he could send an arrow straight home to the life of a deer. In this way two or three

Deer stalking

might be shot before the trick was discovered and the herd took to flight.

The Indians thought it great sport to run down game. They even ran down deer. This was not so hard as it seems, for the Indians knew the trails, and men as well as boys shared in the sport. Runners were put in relays along the trails. One Indian started up a deer and ran

after him as long as he could, or until he came to the place where the second runner was waiting. This one took up the chase, and the first one rested. So they kept it up until the animal was tired out; then he was killed and the meat carried home.

Rabbits and other small animals were frequently run down. A company of men and boys spread out in a sort of circle around the place where they knew that a rabbit was hiding. They began to shout, to caper, to beat the grass and bushes, and to make hideous noises. The frightened rabbit ran, became perplexed by his many tormentors, and if not really frightened to death, he was soon so confused that he was easily caught and killed.

In some parts of California, catching salmon was a great event of the year. At certain seasons these fish come up the rivers from the sea; and in the days before the white men had muddied the waters of the rivers with their mining, the salmon were sometimes so numerous that there was hardly room enough for them in the water. One tribe in the northern part of California had an easy way of catching salmon. Going to a river where there were many fish, the men built a booth out over the water, covered it with brushwood, and laid a rude floor. Here an Indian slept at night, waiting for the fish. Near the booth, in the stream, a net was stretched, and a string was taken from it to the Indian's hand, to which it was tied fast. If a salmon got into the net at night and began to flounder, the jerking on the string wakened the Indian. The fish was brought on shore, and the net set again.

In other parts also of California fishing meant great fun for the Indians. The sport was to drive the fish into a pool from which they could not escape. In some shallow stream a dam was built just below a deep pool. The men and boys went up the brook a mile or so to drive the fish down toward the dam. Going into the water, they waded around, splashing and stamping, shouting and throwing water on each other, and making all the noise possible. The frightened fish hurried away from the clamor, swam down the stream, and consequently went into the pool, where they gladly hid in the deeper water. The Indians quickly followed them and built a second dam above the pool, making the fish their prisoners. This was what they wanted, for now, whenever they needed fish to eat they went down to the pool and picked them out. Such feasting did not last long, however, for the Indians were great gluttons. Whenever they had anything extra they did not know how to save it up, but hardly stopped eating until the dainty was gone.

The Indians who lived on the plains and in the valleys wore little clothing; but those who were in the mountains or the colder parts of California wore skins of animals or blankets of braided grass. For everyday wear their dresses were very rude, but for festivals they were trimmed quite elaborately according to an Indian's taste. They used beautiful white down from the owl, glossy black feathers from the eagle, and the brilliant red scalps of woodpeckers. The last were so rare that only the great men of the tribe could afford them. Ornaments were made from shells and feathers, and,

Indian dressed for a festival

after the coming of the white men, beads were the best-liked adornment.

Nearly all the California Indians liked to bathe. Every morning they went to the river or creek near the village and took a plunge into the cold water; but in spite of their daily baths they were never clean.

The different tribes often quarreled over silly trifles, and had many battles with each other. Their wars were seldom as serious as those of the eastern Indians, who sometimes kept up hostilities with each other until a whole tribe was killed off. The California Indians fought easily, but not long at a time. One tribe might think that another had taken acorns from its trees; or the men of one village might say that those of another had made fun of them and insulted them. Either excuse was enough to cause a battle between the tribes.

The chief could not declare war, but he called the men together and asked them if they wanted to fight their enemies. If they did, everybody hurried off to get ready. Bows were brought out and tried; quivers were opened to

see if there were plenty of arrows. The women made up more acorn mush than usual, and packed it away in their deep, pointed baskets. When everything was prepared, the men took their weapons, the women strapped on their backs the heavy baskets of bread, usually with a baby on top, and the whole tribe, children included, went to the battle.

As little noise as possible was made, so that the other Indians would not know that the enemy was coming. Surprise was an easy way of conquering. When near the enemy's village all kinds of hideous cries were suddenly made to frighten the people into believing that a very large force was on its way to make an attack. As the fighting progressed, the women and children made themselves useful. When the arrows began to be scarce, they ran out on the field of battle, picked up those that had been used, and brought them back for the men to shoot again.

Such a battle never lasted long. As soon as blood was shed, or a few warriors had been killed, everybody was ready to go home, and the war was over. California Indians would rather enjoy life than go to war. Of course there were times when more severe fighting was required. Then the women and children stayed at home, and many men were killed; but for an Indian country there was very little warfare.

Some people think that the Indians were usually well and happy, but that was not the case. They were often very sick, and after the white people came the savages were always begging for medicines. They had sore eyes

from the smoky huts in which they passed the winters. Those who lived near the rivers had rheumatism and malarial fevers. After the coming of the Spaniards and the Americans, smallpox sometimes swept over the country, and its victims were always counted by the hundreds.

There were many medicine men among the Indians. They were the great men of a village, and their power to cure sickness was never doubted. One of their ways of doctoring was to try to bring out an evil spirit, which they said had gone into the sick man. In order to do this, one, and sometimes two, medicine men came to suck out the spirit. Sickness was also said to be caused by a stick, bone, hair, or thorn which had gotten into the body; but the treatment was the same as when the evil spirit was to be drawn out. The medicine men danced, tossed their hands and arms wildly, and blew toward the north, east, south, and west. They worked the patient up to such an excitement that it is a wonder he did not die. Then the real treatment began. A medicine man put his lips to the place where the sick man felt the greatest pain, and commenced to suck out what the Indians thought was the poison. At last the medicine man showed a bone, a hair, or even a frog, which he pretended he had drawn out of the body. If this did not bring about a cure, the sufferer was laid on a bed of sand and ashes, vessels of food and water were put at his head, and a fire was kept burning at his feet. Thinking that everything possible had now been done, friends gathered around and anxiously watched to see if the sick man was going to live or die.

The sweat house, or temescal, was another means used

by the Indians to cure their diseases. It must have been worse than the medicine men. The sweat house was shaped like the living houses, except that it was larger and was dug out deeper, so that half, or even more, of the hut was underground. The roof was covered with clay so thick that hardly a breath of fresh air could get through. When the Indians wished to use the sweat house, they went inside, closed the door, and built a hot fire. Then they danced some solemn, religious measures, or sat on the floor while the fire burned up bright and fierce. The room soon became so warm that every one was dripping wet with perspiration; the air was so impure that it was almost impossible to breathe; the dancers were exhausted; but all stayed until they could no longer endure the heat and the foul air. Then the Indians made a rush for the door; they burst outside, the strong often carrying the weak; they ran, never stopping, until they could throw themselves into a stream of cold water, near which the sweat house was usually built. Harsh as was the treatment, many Indians were cured by it of their diseases, although many others were killed.

The lazy, fun-loving Indians liked to play games. Men and boys often stayed around the wick-i-ups, or huts, all day long, doing nothing but sleeping and playing. A favorite game was one called "takersia." To play it, a large, level piece of ground was chosen; it was carefully cleared of grass, weeds, logs, and sticks; a space about twenty feet square was staked off, and the ground was ready for the game. A small hoop about three inches in diameter was made. Two players went on the ground,

each with a small stick in his hand, and watched closely to see how and where the hoop was to be thrown. After many false moves to take the players off their guard, some one sent the hoop rolling swiftly across the open space. In an instant the two sticks shot forward. If they fell short or passed over the hoop, the game was lost; if a stick went through the ring but knocked it over, one point was gained; while if a deft player sent his stick through the rolling hoop without touching it, he gained two points. The game was short, as only three points had to be won by any person.

The Indians probably took turns on the field, but the most skillful soon became the favorites. The onlookers watched the merry performances with the greatest delight, shouting and cheering at the best moves, and laughing heartily when some one was taken off his guard by the tossers of the hoop.

Another noisy game, somewhat like our "shinny," was played with a ball of hard wood. Old and young enjoyed it, but it was usually left to the boys and girls. The players were divided into two sides, each having a base. Each group struggled hard to send the ball over the enemy's base. As the small piece of wood started across the field, there was the greatest excitement, expressed by howls and whoops. Even some of the bystanders seized sticks and rushed into the game on one side or the other, while those who resisted the excitement and watched the rest, shouted and cheered on the favorites. The crowd of men, boys, and girls pushed and raced across the field, driving the ball now this way, now that, until some lucky

player sent it over the enemy's base, and the game was won. A hundred or more players were sometimes on the field at once. Many a knock was given and taken, but no one seemed to mind. Indian boys learned to stand hard hits without grumbling.

The children had great sport when the clover was in blossom. Out into the sunshine they went, hunting a clover patch. When one was found with rich, honey-filled heads of blossoms, the children formed themselves into a large ring, pulled up some of the heads, and made them into a ball. Then the fun began. Away went the clover, tossed by the brown little hands; away went the children after it with their mouths wide open, for the game was to catch the ball in the mouth. What shouts and screams of fun! Every open mouth was struggling to get the sweet, juicy clover heads, and the child who finally caught it was given the clover to eat.

To change the game, a child was sometimes made to close his eyes, open his mouth, and wait for his playmates to throw him a ball of clover. If only soft blossoms were thrown, the victim might be glad, for the temptation was too great for the fun-loving Indian lads. Many a clod of dirt, a stick, or even a stone found its way into the waiting mouth. So with shouts of laughter the play went merrily on until every one was tired out.

Learning to fish, to hunt, and to swim were almost like games to the Indian children. The natives on the Sacramento River used to teach their children to swim when they were only a few weeks old. A father took his baby down to the river and, holding him on his hands, put

him into the water. The little fellow was held so closely that he could not drown; and, like a small frog, his kicks and plunges soon taught him to swim.

These Indians used to ride on the river and even on the bay on their tule rafts. It was often riding *in* the river; for, sitting astride of the long, cigar-shaped raft, the feet hung down in the water. If the raft rolled and tipped off

Mission Indians

the rider, he seemed to care no more than if he had stumbled and fallen on land; for these Indians could swim long distances and were no more afraid of water than are fish.

When the Spanish came, California was full of Indians, — happy, easy-going, good-natured. With no hard work to wear them out, no long, cruel wars to kill them off, and in a country that gave them food so easily, the Indians often lived to be a hundred years old or more. These

happy conditions were not greatly changed during the time of the Spanish. But when at length the Americans occupied the country, they seemed to bring death to the poor natives. The two races could not live together. The brown-skinned Indians were the weaker of the two, and they faded away before the white men; they disappeared like melting snow in a rapidly rushing mountain stream. To-day not many are left of the thousands that less than a hundred years ago thronged our fertile, sunny state.

There were no great wars between the Indians and the white men, but many on both sides lost their lives in the efforts to hold land. The natives could not live as did the Americans. They were easily subject to contagious diseases, and a whole village might be carried off by a plague of smallpox or fever. They tried to wear the clothes of the newcomers; but not knowing how to dress for different seasons, they took cold and died from all kinds of lung troubles. They drank the white man's whisky, and strong drink soon carried off its victims. Food became scarce, for great stock ranges and wheat ranches took the place of the open country where the Indians had hunted wild animals or found insects and roots. Pigs ate the acorns that had been the bread of the Indians; the salmon no longer came up from the ocean; the deer fled to the mountains. Slowly the Indians disappeared from the great valleys which had become the homes of the white men. To-day they are rarely to be seen except in the mountains.

Many white men were kind to the Indians whose homes had been taken. Villages were built for them, and the simple-hearted natives were proud to call themselves by

the name of their protector: as, Bidwell's Indians, Redding's Indians. But life was harder in many ways, and the Indian went down in the struggle.

To-day there are a number of schools in California where the Indian boys and girls are taught many things which the white children learn. It may not be long before the young people will forget or never be told that their fathers once owned all of California from the mountains of Siskiyou to the deserts of San Diego; and they may be as happy in the ways of the white men as their fathers were in their wild, free Indian life.

QUESTIONS. — Was life difficult or easy for the Indians of California? Why? Why did the Indians move from place to place? Where were they most liable to move? What amusements did the Indians have? How did they act toward each other in their games? Did they care about fine dress? How about their everyday clothing?

In what part of their life did the Indians show shrewdness? Their enjoyment of society? What other traits of character can be mentioned? In what way was each one shown?

What caused diseases among the Indians? How did they try to cure them? What help were they glad to get from the white men?

# CHAPTER II

## INDIAN LEGENDS

THE California Indians had a great many legends, the most of which were very simple. Some were quaint fancies, the answers of the savages to such questions as how the world had been made, why the sun rose and set, where the mountains came from, what lighted the fire in the stars. Nearly all these legends had something in them about animals, but the coyote was always the favorite, probably because of his cunning. In some stories he helped make the world, or he was the creator of man. He was generally the friend of the Indian, bringing him help and knowledge. Legends told in different parts of the country often contradicted each other, for the Indians who lived in one place probably knew nothing of the lives and stories of those who lived a few miles away.

### LEGEND OF THE CREATION

Once there was no earth, but only a great body of water that stretched as far as one could see in all directions. Man had not yet been created; and, except the coyote and his companion, the eagle, there were no animals. The coyote grew tired of being alone so much of the time when the eagle was away on his long flights, and he began

to scratch in the air with his claws. Something seemed to appear out of the nothingness around him. He watched it in surprise; he was making the earth. He kept on scratching, and finally land appeared. Coyote was pleased, but the eagle, coming home, found fault.

"This will never do," he said to the coyote. "There is no place for me to rest. You must make some mountains."

The coyote began to scratch again, and made some hills for the eagle.

"These are not high enough for me," said the eagle, angrily. "Make me some mountains which shall be high above the level of the earth."

"I am sorry that my mountains do not suit you," answered the coyote, "but I am tired and I really cannot do any more to-day."

So he went to sleep, too lazy to do anything more to the world. It was good enough for him just as it was, and if the eagle wanted it improved, the coyote thought that he could do it for himself. The eagle saw that the coyote had gone to sleep, and as he wanted the mountains at once, he decided not to wait for the lazy animal to wake up. He began to scratch with his feet, and the mountains grew higher and higher, until even the eagle was satisfied with their size.

When he saw them rising up toward the sky he said, "How bare they are. I must plant trees on them."

He flew slowly over the mountains and then slowly back again. As he moved, many of his feathers fell to the ground. The large ones grew up into great trees, and the

little pin feathers became bushes and plants. The eagle was happy when he saw the result of his work. He flew away over the land, perching on his mountains when he was tired, and making his nest on high cliffs far out of reach of all the animals.

### HOW MAN WAS MADE

When the coyote had finished making the world and all the animals, he was ready to make man. But how should he create so wonderful a being! Cunning as he was,

Tne council of animals

coyote hesitated about trying all alone to make man; so he called in the other animals to give him their advice. They sat down around him, the mountain lion at their head.

"How shall we make this mighty creature, man?" coyote asked.

Up spoke the mountain lion with a great roar. "He must have a strong voice," said he, "so that everything in the forest can hear him and be afraid."

The grizzly bear said, "Nonsense!" and shook his big, shaggy head. "Such a voice would scare away the very animals that he wanted to kill. Man must be very strong, able to kill his prey when he catches it."

So it went all around the circle of advisers. The deer thought that man should have antlers, thin ears, and sharp eyes. The beaver thought that a broad, flat tail was necessary for carrying mud and sand. The owl hooted out, "Give him wings, of course! How can he live without wings?" Even the little mouse squeaked out his ideas about making man.

The coyote listened until he lost patience. "You are all wrong," said he. "Man must not be like any of you; he must have the good points of every one of us."

So they quarreled. The coyote bit a piece out of the beaver's cheek; the owl flew on the coyote's head and tore it with his claws. Not one would give up his idea of how man was to be made.

"I will make a man myself!" said each one at last; but they had talked and quarreled so long that it was almost dark before any one could commence his work of creation. They all made a start, and then went to sleep, leaving their work for the next day.

Sly coyote did not sleep. When he thought that the other animals would not wake up, he went softly around and poured water on their models and spoiled them. Then he worked hard all night, and finished his before sunrise;

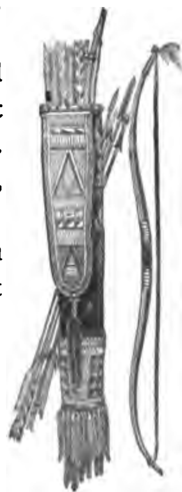
he gave it life, and when the sleepy animals were finally awake, the coyote's man was living. He was not like any animal, but had the good points of all, just as the coyote had said in the council.

## COYOTE'S CUNNING

The Indians knew that the coyote was very cunning. They liked to watch him, and to tell stories about his goodness to the Indians; but they laughed at him and made fun of his tricks. The squaws told the children many of these stories, as they sat around the fire in their warm huts on the chilly, rainy days of winter. Here is one of them.

The Great Spirit sat on his sacred stool and rested. He was very tired, for he had just finished making the world and the animals. Last of all, he had made a man, who was, of course, an Indian.

"Now," said the Great Spirit, "man, you shall tell the animals what to eat and what to do. I will call them together, and they shall walk in front of you so that you can see them. Then you will know what to say to them."


Bow and arrows

The Great Spirit told the animals that they were to be ready to meet the man the next morning. Then he turned to the Indian.

"Make bows and arrows," said he, "as many as there are animals. When they march in front of you to-morrow, give one to each. Give the longest bow and arrow to the

animal which is to have the most power; give the shortest to the one which is to be weakest."

The animals met that night, so that they might sleep in one place and be ready to go together to the man the next morning. All went to sleep but the cunning coyote. He was planning how to get the longest bow and arrow.

"I will not sleep," he said to himself. "I will keep awake all night, so that I shall be first in the morning. Then the man will give me the longest bow, and I shall be the strongest animal in the world."

His eyes shone as he looked at his companions. The grizzly bear was fast asleep. The timid deer started at every rustle, and glanced fearfully around. The little field mouse peeped from under a bush, and ran a little farther away before it dared settle down to sleep. The coyote stretched his thin snout on his fore paws, shut his eyes, and waited.

"Ha, ha!" laughed he. "These stupid animals will soon be asleep, but I shall keep awake until I have that bow and arrow. Then I shall be a match for even old Grizzly-skin himself."

He would have liked to tweak the ear of the old bear, but he was afraid of a cuff from the big, flat paw; so he lay still and waited.

"Hi! how hard it is to keep awake!" he muttered. "How old Grizzly snores! I'll take a little walk just to keep my eyes open." He crept slowly out, but still he was sleepy. "I'll run," thought the coyote. But he stepped on a dry twig; it broke with a snap. Up sprang the deer, wide awake in an instant. The coyote jumped

back and stepped on the rattlesnake, who set up his hideous warning.

"Keep still, old fellow," whispered the coyote.

It was too late. All the animals were stirring, and the coyote had to lie down or they would soon be wide awake. There was one comfort for the coyote. He saw a bright star in the sky, which he knew was the morning star.

"If I can keep my eyes open just a little while longer, it will be daylight," thought he; but he was so sleepy that both eyes shut in spite of himself. Coyote shook his head angrily.

"This will never do. I shall go to sleep, no matter how hard I try not to."

He stretched out his fore paw sleepily and yawned. He started as his paw touched a dry branch on the ground.

"Aha!" said he, softly. "The animals say that I am cunning. I'll show them that I am more clever than they dream."

He drew the stick toward him, gently broke off two small pieces, and sharpened them at the ends. Then he opened his eyes wide, and put the sticks in so that they would prop up his eyelids.

"Now," said the cunning coyote, "I can take a little nap, and still watch the morning star."

He was so sleepy that he could not keep awake another moment. Down pressed his eyelids on the sticks. Slowly the sharp ends pricked through. The coyote did not know it; he was so sound asleep that he did not feel the pricks. Up climbed the morning star; down went the eye-

lids until they were pinned fast together by the sticks that were to have held them apart.

Paler grew the star, nearer came the sun. The birds began to twitter softly. The animals yawned and stretched. Just as the sun looked over the mountain, all the animals but the coyote went out to meet the man. The last to creep away was the poor little frog. He was the weakest of the animals, and should have had the very smallest bow. But when he had received his, the man still held the smallest one in his hand.

"What animal have I missed?" cried the man.

The animals, looking around in surprise, saw the coyote lying with his head on his fore paws, fast asleep, his eye-lids pinned together by the sharp sticks. How they shouted and laughed!

"See the coyote!" they screamed. "See the cunning coyote! He is beaten this time!"

They ran to him, jumped on him, danced around him, and laughed themselves hoarse at his plight. The man was sorry for the poor coyote. He pulled out the sharp sticks, and gave him the only bow that was left, the shortest one of all.

Disappointed coyote! He was to be the weakest of the animals. Again the man was full of pity. He had no strong bow left, so he prayed to the Great Spirit to send some other gift; and in answer to his petition the coyote was made ten times more cunning than before. Coyote never forgot this kindness, and in return he always helped the man and his children.

HOW FIRE WAS BROUGHT TO THE INDIANS

After man was on earth, the coyote began to plan to show him some great favor. The god of the Indians had made fire and hidden it away in a casket, guarded by two women, very old and very ugly. They lived far away toward the rising sun, no one knew just where.

The coyote determined to steal some fire from them for man. As he would need a great deal of help, he collected a large company of animals, one of every kind he knew. The strongest were to go farthest from home with him, to the very land where the old women kept the casket of fire. The weakest were to stay nearest home, because they could not run fast nor far. An Indian was to go with the coyote almost to the hut of the fire watchers.

When they were at the end of their journey the coyote hid the Indian under a hill.

"Stay here until I come for you or call out," said he.

The Indian crawled under the hill and waited quietly for his companion. The cunning coyote went boldly up to the cabin where the old hags lived, and rapped on the door. One of the women came to see what was wanted.

"Good evening," said the coyote, politely, "may I come in and warm myself at your fire?"

"Certainly," said the woman. "It is cold out of doors to-night. Come in and lie down where it is warm."

The coyote went in and found a snug place by the fire. The warmth made him stretch out his sharp nose and curl himself up drowsily. "This is fine," said he. Then he pretended to go to sleep; but he shut only one eye.

and kept the other open so that he could watch the two women.

"I don't believe that they ever go to sleep," he thought, as hour after hour went by, and their eyes were as wide open as ever. He was right. That was one reason why they had been chosen to guard the precious casket. All night and all day they watched the treasured fire, and did not give the coyote the chance for which he was waiting. In despair he at last went out to get help from the Indian who was lying hidden under the hill.

"You will have to come," said the coyote. "You must go up to the hut and pretend that you want to steal the fire. They will watch you, and not think of me. I will take some of the fire and run to the mountain lion."

Everything went as the coyote had planned. When the Indian came to the hut, the old women tried to chase him away before he could get the fire, but while they were running after him out of one door, the coyote seized a burning brand, and fled out of the other. As he ran, some sparks that fell were seen by the old women. Knowing now who was the real thief, they turned from the Indian and gave chase to the coyote.

Away he ran, the fire in his mouth; away went the two old women after him. The coyote could run fast, but the old women could run faster. They were almost up with him when he came to the place where he had told the lion to wait. There stood the faithful lion, ready to start; for he had seen them all running toward him, and had guessed what he was to do.

The coyote's breath was quite spent. He cculd not say

a word as he held out the burning brand. But the lion took it in his mouth, and before the hags were quite within reach of him he was gone. Since the old women never grew tired, they ran on after the lion. Just as they thought they were about to catch him he reached the place where the next animal was waiting. Again the brand was taken by a fresh animal, again the old hags gave chase. So it happened every time. The old women were never quite fast enough, and the coyote had placed the animals so wisely that not one gave out before the next was reached.

The last but one was the little ground squirrel. Although he is small he can run fast; but when he took the fire-brand, the hags were so close that he thought he would not escape them. Off he ran so fast that his tail caught fire. It hurt him so badly that he curled it up over his back, where it burned the little brown stripe which we can still see to-day. In spite of his pain the brave little fellow would not give up. He ran on, and before the old women came up with him, he reached the last hiding place.

The frog was waiting there. He could not run, but had to hop along; so he could not carry the fire as the others had. He opened his mouth and swallowed the brand; then off he hopped toward the home of the Indians. Closer came the old hags. One of them reached out and caught the tail of the frightened little froggie. Still the brave messenger hopped along. He gave his tail a wrench to pull it free. Oh, horror! It dropped off in the hand of the old woman. But the frog would not give up the fire. Jumping into the water, he swam as long as he could

hold his breath; then he came on land and spit the fire out into a big log of driftwood.

There it stayed ever after; and when the Indians wanted a fire, all that they had to do was to rub two pieces of dry wood together, and the sparks of fire flew out. But no grown-up frog since that time has been known to have a tail.

### A LEGEND OF THE GEYSERS

Two young Indians were out hunting. They were near the place where Cloverdale is now situated. They had startled a big grizzly bear, and both shot him at almost the same moment. The great animal fell, and they waited quietly to see if he were dead or only shamming.

A grizzly bear

"Shoot him again," said one; and they let fly their flint headed arrows at the struggling bear. By this time the grizzly had managed to get on his feet again, and had started toward the brush. After him went the Indians, guided by the heavy trail of blood. Wounded though he was, the bear went rapidly up the canyon; the Indians followed at a safe distance, waiting for the savage beast to drop dead from the arrow wounds which he had received. Mile after mile they went, guided

always by that trail of blood, growing more marked the farther they went.

"He cannot last much longer," they said; but as the sun sank lower in the west, and the bear still held out, they began to talk of giving up the chase and going back to camp. Suddenly they saw the animal before them, writhing on the ground.

"Now we have him!" they shouted, and gave a loud whoop of joy as they started for their prey. Frightened by the noise, the dying bear rose and staggered on again. He plunged into the ravine ahead of him to die. The Indians saw him fall and ran forward to get his body. Suddenly they stopped. With eyes starting from their heads they looked around. Had they gone mad? Was all the world bewitched?

Jets of steam hissed up from the ground around them. Smoke drifted from the hillsides. A smell of sulphur nearly choked them. Before them was a great basin in which water boiled and bubbled. The earth beneath their feet was spongy, and seemed ready to sink with their weight.

With a look of horror and with a fear beyond words, the terrified hunters fled back the way that they had come. Into the village they rushed and told their story. The grave old Indians who listened said not a word. In amazement they looked at the hunters.

Earth that smoked? Water that boiled and bubbled without fire? Steam that came from the hillsides with the noise of a rushing, roaring storm wind? Such things were impossible. But the two young Indians were known

to be truthful, and there must be some reason for their story.

"We have told you the truth," they said. "Come and see for yourselves."

About twenty of the Indians went back with them to the place where they said the bear had died. There he lay just as they had left him. That part of their story was true. There too was the black water, boiling and seething, hot as the hottest fire could have made it.

All the Indians came now to see this new wonder of their land. The medicine men said that such water would cure any disease. Booths were therefore built over the jets of steam, and the sick people were laid on them to be cured. So many became well that the fame of the geysers spread among the Indians.

All the wonders of the geyser country were not yet known to the simple natives. One night the clouds hung dark above the land. It was just the night for an evil spirit to be out, doing mischief to the Indians. Suddenly the earth shook. Again and again it trembled violently. There was a strange rumbling sound in the canyon.

"The spirit of the grizzly has come back to haunt the place of his death," said the Indians, as they fled from the spot. Many of them believed that evil spirits often went into grizzly bears, and for this reason they could not make up their minds to go back to a place which they believed to be haunted.

"We have many sick and dying," they said to each other. "We must find some way of going back to our healing springs."

At last a gray-haired man who had come among them said: "I will make an offering to this evil spirit. We will put it at the edge of the basin which boils and bubbles. If it is accepted, the evil spirit will go away and leave us the springs that heal."

The old man went to work. Day after day he cut and scraped, until a human face seemed to be growing out of the rock. All alone he went into the canyon, and all alone he worked there. The Indians watched him with reverence and superstition. The face was almost finished. Early in the morning and late at night the sculptor was at his work. One night he did not come to the village even when it grew late and the stars shone in the sky.

"He will finish it to-night," said the Indians, waiting eagerly in their village.

Suddenly there came a moan, a groan, from the canyon where the old man had been at work. Then there was a rumble such as they had heard before. The ground shook again and again. Cliffs trembled; some of them fell from their bases.

The horrified Indians threw themselves on the ground, and waited breathlessly for the morning sun. When at last it rose above the hills, the Indians in fear and trembling hurried to the place where they had last seen the old sculptor. Not a trace of him was to be found, and he was never seen again. The image was finished, however, and its cold, stony face looked down into the boiling waters of the basin, an offering to the evil spirit of the place.

Silently all looked at the face, and silently all crept away. Three quarters of a mile farther down the canyon they

found new springs that had burst out in the earthquake shock of the preceding night.

"The old man was sent by the Great Spirit to help us," said the Indians. "We will bring the sick to these new springs, for they are a gift from the evil spirit to show that he is no longer angry with us for killing the grizzly. But the horrible sounds from the upper springs mean that we must not go to them again."

The Indians obeyed what they took to be a warning. Even after the white men had come to the country and had visited the upper springs without harm, the Indians refused to go back to their old haunts. They continued to take their sick to the lower springs which they believed had been given to them by the evil spirit when he accepted the carved face on the rock.

QUESTIONS. — What did the Indians admire in the coyote? Do these legends tell us anything about the lives of the Indians? Why were not the legends the same all over California? Who made them? How were they remembered? Were they liable to change?

# II. DISCOVERERS AND EXPLORERS

## CHAPTER III

### CORTES

WHEN Columbus sailed across the Atlantic Ocean, he thought that he was going straight to China. He touched the coasts of Central and South America, and to the end of his life believed that he had found some islands near the shore of Asia. He was greatly disappointed that he could not succeed in sailing around the land which lay so obstinately in his way, for he believed it to be only an island, and that the fabulous East, with all its wealth of silks and spices, was just beyond.

Hernando Cortes

Other Spaniards had the same belief, and, in their efforts to sail around the land which had blocked the way for Columbus, some of them touched the eastern coast of Mexico. Among the latter was Hernando Cortes,[1] a

[1] Cortes (Kor′tez).

[illegible] and one of the greatest of Spanish explorers [illegible]. He was sent out with some ships to visit [illegible] to the west of Cuba and to bring back [illegible] information he could gather about the land and its [illegible].

[illegible] at many places on the coast of Mexico [illegible] America. He was told that there was a rich [illegible] inland; that the natives wore many valu- [illegible], and that they had fine temples where they [illegible] gold, silver, and precious stones to their gods. He [illegible] about a great body of water beyond Mexico to [illegible].

[illegible] determined to visit this country, hoping to find [illegible] gold enough to satisfy himself and all his men. But [illegible] not sure that his men would stand by him in so [illegible] undertaking. What if they should desert [illegible] midst of the new country? Cortes did not [illegible] to come back himself until he had learned all [illegible] ahead of him; neither did he intend to [illegible] come back without him. At last he made [illegible] decision.

His ships were anchored in a small harbor on the coast of Mexico. He ordered his men to take out everything that would be of use; then, under the pretext that the vessels were no longer seaworthy, he caused them to be sunk. He felt now that he was safe, so far as his own soldiers were concerned. If they deserted him, there was no way for them to return to Cuba or Europe; and Cortes well knew that they would rather risk their lives in the strange, hostile country ahead of them with him as a leader, than

to choose any one else in his place. He, as well as his men, knew that he was the bravest and most capable man in the company. As the soldiers rode away toward the blue mountains rising before them in the west, they must have realized that the surest way to preserve their lives was by giving implicit obedience to Cortes.

Stories of the city of Mexico, the capital of the Aztecs, continued to reach Cortes as he traveled toward the mountains. They made him all the more determined to visit that city, and find out for himself how much truth there was in the reports about its vast wealth and stores of precious stones. At one of the cities conquered on the march, the Spaniards were met by some messengers from the king of the Aztecs. The name of this king was Montezuma, and he was the ruler of the most powerful nation in the country. He was so feared by many of the small states, and so hated by others, that all along his route, Cortes found tribes who were ready to help him in his attack on the dreaded king.

A Spanish ship of the time of Cortes

Soon after Cortes landed on the shore of Mexico, word had been sent him by Montezuma that he wished to become a vassal of the king of the white man's country.

He promised to send across the seas a yearly tribute of gold, silver, slaves, and anything that he had. The messengers who met Cortes at the conquered town had come to assure him again of the good will of Montezuma, and to ask that the Spaniards should come no nearer the Aztec capital. The roads were bad, they said; Mexico was on the water and could be reached only with canoes; the country was so barren that the Spaniards would suffer for the necessities of life; and it would be better for everybody if these strange white men would stay near the coast, or leave the country entirely, sailing away in their great winged ships. Cortes could not be deceived by such weak excuses; and, besides, the messengers had something to add which, instead of hurrying him away as they hoped, quickly decided him and all his men to press on to Mexico. They brought him an abundance of rich presents.

The Aztecs thought that the white men were gods, and they had brought them rich gifts, such as they offered to their own deities when they went to the temples to worship. If the strangers took the gifts, the Indians hoped that in return they would do whatever was asked. Poor messengers! Poor Montezuma! They could not understand that these very presents were to bring death to themselves and ruin to their loved country. For, among other things, they had brought considerable gold.

There were pieces of armor trimmed with gold. There were crests of feathers with gold and silver threads running through them, and scattered over with pearls and precious stones. There was a helmet filled with grains of pure gold. They had brought, also, two large plates,

one of silver and the other of gold; both "as large as carriage wheels," said the historian who was with Cortes and who wrote about the scene. The one of gold, so admired by all, was used by the Aztecs in their worship of the sun; and as they thought that Cortes was a long-promised god, Montezuma had sent him this gift, one truly fit for gods.

How the Spaniards must have stared at all this wealth of presents! No one thought now of going back to Spain. On, on to Mexico! was the cry of every soldier. The Aztecs had sealed their own fate by the gifts which they had brought. The Spaniards, cruel and greedy, would never leave the country now until they were masters of all this wealth. What were these articles that were given away, to all the riches that must have been kept at home? On to Mexico!

It was a weary march, and the soldiers were tired long before they saw Montezuma's capital. They had climbed far up the mountains that lie between the city and the sea, and at last, as they passed around a rocky projection, they beheld a beautiful valley below them. Like Moses of old, they stopped to look at the glorious country.

"It is the promised land!"[1] they cried in their delight, as the great leader of Israel had cried out when he saw Canaan before him. But Moses had dreamed of peace and rest for his people in the land toward which they were traveling; while Cortes thought only of war and conquest, and of taking by force all the riches that he and his men

[1] Torquemada, quoted by Prescott in his *Conquest of Mexico.*

could carry away. Why should he think of the sufferings which were to fall on the gentle people who lived in the lovely valley below? What did he care for the country that he was to ruin, for the slaves who were to tremble under the lash of the white man? He had come for gold; gold he would have, no matter what it cost.

In the clear air of the mountain regions Cortes and his men could look over all the valley. Vast forests covered much of it; but there were also the fair orchards and gardens of the peaceful Aztecs. In the midst of the valley were lakes surrounded by villages and cities. There was no need to ask which was Mexico, the city of their desires. It lay on the water's edge, larger than the rest, and like a queen it overlooked and ruled its dependents.

Montezuma

Montezuma was waiting for the coming of the white men. From the time of their landing, he had seemed to feel that they would bring him only trouble, and he had kept himself informed of every move which they had made. He knew when any town tried to stop them; when any of his enemies gave them help; and now his faithful scouts hurried to tell him that the dreaded strangers were before his own beautiful city. He listened to the stories of the wonderful animals that seemed a part of the men, obeying them, never seeming to tire, carrying men on their backs as if they were children. These were the horses of the Spaniards, animals

which the Aztecs had never before seen, and which they feared almost as much as they dreaded the men themselves.

Montezuma listened quietly to all that his people had to tell him; then he made ready to welcome Cortes. It was a notable event, this first meeting between a great ruler of the New World and an invincible conqueror from the Old. Borne in his palanquin, attended by his nobles, and followed by a great number of his subjects, Montezuma went out on the causeway which connected the city with the mainland.

Cortes had advanced to the very entrance of the city, where he was met by a large number of the nobles of the Aztec court, sent by Montezuma to be the first to greet the white leader, and to herald his own approach. As they drew near Cortes, they gave him the peculiar greeting of their country for men of rank; every noble put one of his hands to the ground, bent over and kissed it. Then all advanced to speak to the leader. Cortes had reached a drawbridge which separated the causeway from the main street of the city. After the greeting from the large company of nobles, this drawbridge was crossed, and the Spaniards found themselves at the beginning of a beautiful avenue. Cortes described it in a letter to his emperor, Charles V. He said that the street was so wide and straight that one could see to its farther end, two miles away. It was lined on both sides by large temples and palaces. Its beauty so surprised the Spaniards that they declared there was nothing finer among all the streets of Europe.

Montezuma was approaching the drawbridge as Cortes crossed. Two hundred nobles, richly dressed, were formed in two lines, one on each side of the broad street, close to the houses. In the center of the procession came Montezuma, borne in his palanquin. When he alighted and advanced toward Cortes, slaves swept the ground before him, and then spread carpets on which he walked; for his royal feet in their golden sandals must not touch the common earth.

As the emperor approached, Cortes dismounted and walked haughtily forward, a servant following, leading the horse. There was no appearance of fear in the proud man, although he could see that he and his small army were surrounded by swarming multitudes of Aztecs. After the first greetings had been exchanged, Cortes made a motion to embrace the emperor as he had the chiefs whom he had met on the road; but he was instantly prevented by a noble. To have touched the lord of all the Aztecs would have been a profanation of the royal person. Rich presents were exchanged, some words spoken by means of an interpreter, and Montezuma stepped again into his palanquin.

He had welcomed Cortes to his kingdom, but he had no hope nor pleasure in greeting this cold, proud man; he had only fear for his unknown power. He had yielded to what he believed was his fate. He thought that Cortes came from the gods, and he did not know yet whether he brought from them good or evil. So he met the strangers courteously, but he would not be the one to conduct them into the city. Carried back to his palace, Montezuma left

the Spaniards to be escorted slowly after him by some of the nobles.

The long and interesting story about Cortes and Montezuma cannot be given here.

Meeting of Cortes and Montezuma

Montezuma was all too kind and gentle to withstand the wily and cruel Spaniards. He was made prisoner by them, and, although he was allowed to live in a palace, there was always a strong guard before the gates. One day heavy irons were fastened to his feet, just to show him how completely he was in the power of the strangers. The heart of the kind monarch was broken. If he had

fought against the Spaniards, he might have saved his country; but he had tried by kindness to retain the friendship of the supposed messenger from the gods, and now he was a prisoner, disgraced before his people, and his nation was without a leader.

The Aztecs had made many conquests and consequently many enemies; but at home Montezuma was a kind ruler. His friendly greeting to Cortes had displeased his people, who began to call him weak. As if this were not enough, he was forced by Cortes to promise obedience to the Spanish king. Montezuma wept as he spoke the required words, but he still thought it right and wise to obey. To his nobles he said: —

"They have come across the sea. Long years ago the greatest ruler of our land went away toward the rising sun, promising to come back some day, bringing us blessings. These men have come from him; we must obey."

So, although tears ran down his cheeks as he spoke, Montezuma, the great, free, rich king of all the Aztecs, gave the promise that Cortes demanded. It was so sad to see him in such sorrow and still doing what he believed to be right, that even some of the Spaniards wept. Hard and rough as they were, the tears ran down their cheeks as they listened to him. They had learned to like this man who was now promising that he would obey an emperor whom he had never seen, their own king, Charles V, far away on the other side of the Atlantic.

To show that he meant all that he had promised, Montezuma caused great heaps of treasures to be put before the Spaniards. There were large piles of gold and

silver dishes, of the wonderful cloth made by the Aztecs, of gold in small grains, and in bars as it had been melted down for the treasury. Then there were beautiful Mexican ornaments, birds, insects, flowers, all of gold; and there were collars, bracelets, fans of gold and feathers, with pearls and precious stones scattered over them.

Even the Spaniards were amazed at all the wealth before them; but they did not wait long before taking possession. After the king's share had been laid aside, the men fell to quarreling bitterly about dividing the rest of the treasure.

Poor Montezuma! he had not much longer to live, but he had much to suffer. Bitterest of all to the heart of the proud but fond king, his own people turned against him, saying that he was the friend of the Spaniards and the enemy of his own nation.

At length the people of Mexico determined to drive the Spaniards out of their city and to release their king. There was only a handful of the white people and their allies, compared with the great numbers of Indians soon massed around the palace where the Spanish army was lodged. Montezuma, who still believed that Cortes had come from the gods, wished to help his captors. He was led by the guard to a balcony from which he spoke to a multitude of his subjects below, trying to quell their rage; but he succeeded only in turning it against himself. The Indians soon began to grow angry at what they called their monarch's weakness; they said he was a woman, and not a man to lead his people in the hour of their need. Some one raised a bow and pointed it at the king;

others saw the motion, and, picking up mud, stones, sticks, threw them at their once loved and reverenced monarch. A stone struck Montezuma on the head and he fell to the floor. Seriously injured, he was carried to his room. He could endure no more; his own people had deserted him, and the man whom he had tried to serve held him a prisoner. Far worse than the stone which struck him down was the hatred to be read in every eye. He would not take any of the medicines brought him by the Spaniards; he tore off the bandages which they put on his wound. In a few days he died, disgraced, broken-hearted, but still half believing that the man who had so humiliated him was one sent by the gods.

An Aztec warrior

On Cortes lies the death of Montezuma and the ruin of a great and powerful nation. He destroyed the civilization of the Aztecs, the highest race in North America when the Europeans came. He made wretched slaves of a people that had opened to him the gates of their city. But while the cruelty of Cortes must be condemned, it must be remembered that, according to the spirit of his age, he was a wonderful conqueror and leader of men. That he was not wantonly cruel is proved by his later life, when, as governor of Mexico, the Indians themselves recognized his justice. He was also sincere in his love for adventure and exploration; and when he lost favor with the

court of Spain, he spent large sums from his private fortune in order to send expeditions along the Pacific coast. It was his never-dying energy in these efforts which helped bring about the later discovery of California, for he inspired others with his belief that some wonderful country lay to the north. It is supposed to have been Cortes who first gave the name California to the lands beyond Mexico. On one of his expeditions, when ill luck had followed him, and his people were well-nigh hopeless, Cortes called the barren land on which they were resting, California. It was the name of a fabled island of wondrous wealth; and, half believing that they had reached some such promising country, his men aroused themselves from their despair.

The name clung to the peninsula, which we now call Lower California; it was given to the gulf on its eastern side, once known as the Sea of Cortes; and it finally attached itself to the mainland farther north.

Enemies, jealous of the fame of Cortes, made trouble between him and his emperor. Twice he went to Spain to right himself with the monarch. On his first visit, although great attention was paid him, the Cortes who was trying to secure justice and favor from the throne was a different man from the one who had sent home such vast quantities of gold. As a mark of what was called special favor, he was allowed to return to Mexico, where he continued his explorations at his own expense. Still his enemies pursued him, and finally they forced him to go again to Spain to meet his emperor, Charles V. There at the court he waited long for justice, overlooked and

neglected, until all hope of recognition for his services was past. Finally he died, disheartened by the treatment shown him.

By the time that Cortes returned to Spain there were many Spaniards in Mexico, all eager to gather wealth. They searched everywhere, and were ready to believe any story, however exaggerated, of the splendors of distant lands. One of the tales that they heard was about the island of California, — the same that Cortes told his soldiers when they were ready to despair.

This wonderful island was said to be not far from India. Its inhabitants were women, all of them black. They were strong and fearless, well armed, and such excellent soldiers that no one dared go to their island. Instead of being afraid of war, these women were true Amazons, killing all who came to interfere with them. They were very rich in gold and jewels; they wore armor made of gold; their weapons were of gold.

This romance helped to give zest to the search for gold, and to give the name California to the lands found by the Spanish explorers.

QUESTIONS. — What led Cortes to go to Mexico? Why did Montezuma wish Cortes to stay away from the capital? Why did he send the Spaniards gold and rich presents? What were the results of Montezuma's belief about the white men?

How was the civilization of the Aztecs shown? In what respects were they still simple savages, the inferiors of the Europeans?

In what way was Cortes rewarded for his discoveries and exploration?

## CHAPTER IV

### REPORTS OF THE SEVEN CITIES

In their efforts to find wealth the Spaniards in Mexico were always asking the Indians if they knew where gold or silver could be found. Probably the natives did not always understand them, but simply tried to get rid of their questioners; hence there were many false reports which sent the Spaniards on useless journeys.

One of the governors of Mexico had an Indian slave, Tejos,[1] who had once lived far to the north of Mexico. He belonged, in fact, to the tribe which gave its name to the present state of Texas. Tejos was fond of telling how his father had traveled from one tribe to another, selling feathers to the Indians. These feathers, he said, were used in making headdresses, and they were often paid for in gold and silver.

The governor questioned Tejos about the places which his father had visited, asking him if he had ever been taken on those trading trips. In reply Tejos said that he could easily find the rich cities, which he well remembered, for he had been with his father and knew the places very well. He said that they were nearly as large as Mexico, and that there were seven of them, known as the Seven

[1] Tejos (Tā'hōs).

Cities of Cibola.[1] To the governor's disappointment, Tejos said that they were far from Mexico, that it would be necessary to travel many days on the desert, and to go some distance beyond it.

Not discouraged by the length and dangers of the journey, the governor hurriedly collected an army and started for the land of the Seven Cities of Cibola, as every one now called the wonderful country described by Tejos. The march began with flags flying, with armor shining, and with loud laughing and joking; for every one expected to return soon, loaded down with the precious gold of which the Spaniards were always dreaming. How different was the coming home! The men had suffered from hunger while crossing the desert, and many had died of thirst; some had been killed by savage Indians; and nowhere had any trace of the seven cities been found. The soldiers were discouraged, and only too glad to return to Mexico. The governor was in trouble with the emperor and had to go back to Spain, and, for a time, people almost ceased to talk of the famous seven cities.

Tejos's story had seemed strange to the Spaniards, but the second time they heard about the seven cities it was in a far more remarkable manner. Some Spanish explorers, who had been in the northern part of Mexico, returned one day with four men who had not left the city with them. Queer-looking creatures they were. Their only clothes were the skins of wild beasts; their hands and feet were so hardened that they looked like the claws and hoofs of birds and animals; their hair and beards were

[1] Cibola (Sē′bō-lä).

long and matted. The strangers looked like wild men from the desert.

One of these men was taller than the rest. He was thinner than they, if that were possible; but his eyes shone bright and clear, and he spoke and acted like a

"The strangers looked like wild men"

commander. There were two other white men and a negro in the little company brought thus strangely out of the wilderness. They spoke Spanish, and were so glad to hear their own language from other lips that they were nearly frantic with joy. Many of those who crowded around to watch the strange scene called the poor beings madmen, and, as they listened to the story they told, said that they were crazed by trouble. Again and again the wild-looking men insisted that they were Spaniards.

They said that they came from Florida, and that for years they had been wandering in the country of the Indians. Again the listeners laughed and touched their foreheads, as if sure that these were the dreams of crazy men. Florida was far away, and no white man had ever crossed the countries between; such a story was too improbable to be believed.

Finally the men were taken to the governor, who told the leader to narrate his experiences once more. The tall man told him that he was Cabeza de Vaca;[1] that the two white men with him were Spaniards like himself, and that the negro, Stephen, had followed him through all his sufferings and wanderings across the continent.

It was now nearly nine years, said De Vaca, since they had landed in Florida with a large company of Spanish explorers. They h d met with many misfortunes. They had marched far into the interior, hoping to find rich cities to plunder. One large river after another was crossed, swamp after swamp was waded through, day after day the men went hungry. At first the Indians left them alone, but finally began to attack them whenever there was a chance. At last, sick and discouraged, the men could go no farther. The ships which had brought them from Cuba had returned, and they therefore decided to build boats or rafts and go to Mexico by water. They had no nails, saws, axes, or other tools with which to work. They had no ropes or sails with which to fit out boats if they should succeed in making them. They were almost without food, and hostile savages were around them.

[1] Cabeza de Vaca (Că-bă'thă dă Vă'că).

"We decided," said De Vaca, "to make tools and nails out of the stirrups, spurs, and crossbows that we had with us. And, as we had little food, we agreed that every third day we would kill one of the few horses that were left us, and eat the meat, saving the manes and tails for making ropes when we had finished our boats."

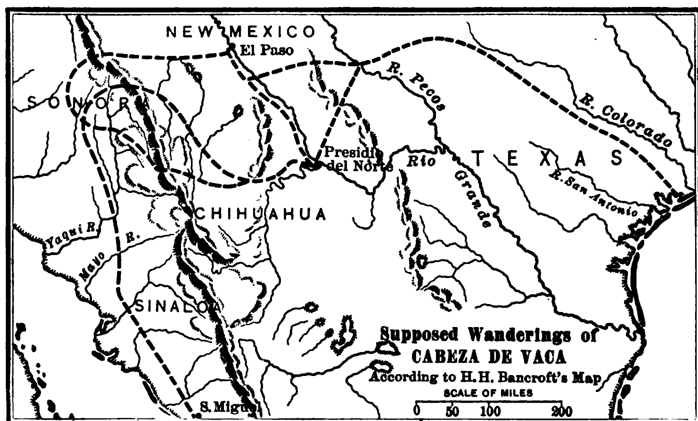
But the boats that they made were all lost on the stormy Gulf of Mexico, and the few wretched Spaniards who escaped drowning were cast on shore among the Indians. Although their lives were spared, they were made slaves by their savage captors. They worked, until, as De Vaca said, "My fingers were so worn that, did a straw but touch them, it would draw blood."

At last De Vaca escaped from these savages and found his way to another tribe farther west. There he was better treated and stayed about six years. Sometimes he traveled for the Indians as a kind of peddler, and wherever he went he was always on the lookout to learn which way he should go to reach Mexico.

When at length he escaped from his captors, he took with him two other Spaniards and the negro Stephen, all of whom had been slaves like himself. They started west, going as fast as their weakness and the dangers around them would permit. Again and again they asked to be sent to the place where the sun sets. Sometimes they were helped by friendly Indians; sometimes they were kept for a while as prisoners; sometimes they were looked upon as gods or as great medicine men. Whenever they came to deserts or tribes of warlike Indians they were obliged to take roundabout routes. But they kept on in

the general direction of south and west, where they knew Mexico must be.

Finally they heard rumors of white men farther west. They came to a place where horses had been tied to a stake. Surely this was a sign of Spaniards. Almost without rest they pushed on until they overtook the white men. How they longed for and still dreaded the first words from their lips! Would they be Spanish, or were the poor strangers still among enemies? The first words set at rest all doubts and fears. It was their native tongue which the




wanderers heard; but it was some time before De Vaca and his friends could make their countrymen believe their story.

The story of De Vaca was deeply interesting to the governor; but when he had finished it, there was something else which the eager listener wanted to know. Had the Spaniards seen any gold and silver on their wander-

ings? Were there any rich cities to plunder? Yes, De Vaca had heard of large cities, and he was sure that there were precious metals in the country through which he had passed. The Indians had had some, and they spoke of jewels, or so De Vaca had understood them. His words revived the old story about the Seven Cities of Cibola and the rich country to the north. Again the Spaniards determined to hunt for those cities. All the old enthusiasm to explore the interior was awakened, and expeditions were soon on their way to the north. Before the Spaniards, now, was the real California of their dreams, but they were not yet to discover it or its hidden wealth.

QUESTIONS. — What kind of cities did the Spaniards picture to themselves from the reports of Tejos and Cabeza de Vaca? What was knowledge and what was hearsay in the stories told by the two men? In what direction from Mexico did they imagine the wonderful cities to be located? What was the route followed by Cabeza de Vaca? What besides the appearance of De Vaca and his companions led the Spaniards to believe them crazed? How could the Spaniards account for their coming except by believing their story? What probably led the Spaniards to accept as true the story of the wanderers?

## CHAPTER V

### FRAY MARCOS DE NIZA

AMONG those who were most interested by the stories of Cabeza de Vaca was a priest called Fray Marcos de Niza.[1] He met and talked with the wanderers from Florida, and as he listened to their accounts of the countries to the north, he was stirred by the desire to see them for himself.

Fray Marcos was a bold man, for he planned to go almost alone into the savage country from which De Vaca had recently escaped. He was, however, well fitted for such an undertaking, for he had been in Peru with Pizarro, and he had lived and worked long among the Indians of Mexico. He persuaded the negro Stephen to go with him as a guide, and a few Indian servants carried the things which he might need on the way.

The Indians for the most part treated him in a kindly manner; and as he neared the farther limit of his explorations, he sent the negro Stephen ahead of his companions to hunt out the way. Stephen put up crosses at different points to indicate the road which he had taken; he also either left some statement of what he had learned, or sent back a messenger with news for the priest. At last word was taken back that the seven cities were not far in

[1] Niza (Nē'thä).

advance of the little party. Fray Marcos hastened on, feeling that the end of his journey was near; but as he approached the valley where the cities were said to be, he was met by some of the Indian servants who had followed Stephen. They were in great fear, and brought the appalling news that the negro had been killed by the inhabitants of the first city.

Fray Marcos was in a grievous dilemma. His guide was dead; his Mexican Indians were so frightened that they refused to go near the city again. Bold as the priest was, he did not wish to take the risk of losing his life. He wanted to take back to Mexico an account of the country which he had explored, and of the seven cities which were at last discovered. He determined to have a view of the wonderful cities, for he was told that they were not far away. Going to the top of a hill that overlooked the valley beyond him, he gazed upon the land that he had come so far to find.

Scattered on the plain below were, indeed, seven cities, or villages. To the priest's excited imagination they seemed to rival the splendors of Mexico and Peru. The houses were very large, four, five, and even seven stories in height, with flat roofs, and built of something that shone in the sun, so thought Fray Marcos. For days the Indians along his route had been telling him of the magnificence of these cities; they were without doubt the same of which Cabeza de Vaca had heard when he was far to the southeast. The friar remembered the wealth of the palaces of Mexico and Peru, and pictured to himself the rich rooms probably in the houses before him. He called

to mind the tales told by the Indians about emeralds and turquoises over the doors of the dwellings in the seven cities. He could accept any report that came to his ears. Fray Marcos gazed long at the scene below him, and then turned slowly back toward Mexico, to tell his story to eager listeners.

His journey had been indeed a remarkable one; and he told not only what he had seen himself, but all that had been related to him by the Indians, and all that his fancy had pictured. More marvelous still grew the stories as they passed quickly from mouth to mouth among the Spaniards in Mexico. Everybody was fired with the desire to start immediately for the seven cities. The common soldiers who were to be sent by the governor were looked on with envy, and sometimes their places were bought, if the lucky men could be induced to sell.

It was in the summer of 1539 that Fray Marcos went to the seven cities. Cortes was still in Mexico, but it was after his removal from the governorship. The viceroy, or governor of the country, was Mendoza, who was eager to outdo Cortes in his discoveries. A third man in Mexico had been given permission to send out exploring parties; this was Alvarado, the governor of one of the provinces. On the return of Fray Marcos with his stories of great wealth, all three of these men planned to make expeditions into the north. Cortes started his first, sending it by water up the coast, under the command of an able man named Ulloa. The shore was explored some distance north, and then the ships were obliged to return on account of severe winds, mutinous sailors, and scanty pro-

visions. The enemies of Cortes were working against him with the emperor, and soon after the return of his vessels in 1540, Cortes sailed for Spain on a last, unhappy voyage never to return.

Alvarado collected a large fleet, but he finally joined his forces with those of Mendoza. Mendoza planned two expeditions for the spring of 1540. One was to go by land to take possession of the seven cities found by Fray Marcos; the other was to go by water up the coast to a point near which the land company was supposed to pass, and to send it men and supplies if such were needed. The leader of the land force was Coronado; the fleet was under the charge of Alarcon.

QUESTIONS. — In what ways did the early journeys of Fray Marcos fit him for the difficulties of looking for the seven cities? Mention at least three characteristics of the man. Why should he wish to look at the cities when it was not possible for him to enter them? What did he really see? What led him to imagine more than he saw?

# CHAPTER VI

## CORONADO AND ALARCON[1]

CORONADO was the rich and powerful governor of one of the provinces of New Spain, as Mexico was called at that time. He had been much interested in the story of Cabeza de Vaca, and in his belief that rich countries lay to the north; he had helped plan the expedition of Fray Marcos; and, on the return of that priest, he had hurried with him to the viceroy, to urge that an expedition should be sent immediately to the seven cities. It was natural that a man so interested in affairs should be chosen as a leader, especially since he was a general favorite in Mexico, and connected with some of the first families in Spain.

One of Coronado's soldiers

It was a fine army which Coronado led out of Mexico. But before the deserts were crossed, many of the men became discouraged. The places mentioned by Fray Marcos were very disappointing. A building which he had described enthusiastically as almost like a fort was found to be only a ruined house, a little larger

[1] Alarcon (Ä-lăr-kōn′).

than some others, and plastered on the outside with red mud. Every one, including Coronado, began to feel that their guide had seen many things through the rosy spectacles of fancy, and that they would find the realities far duller in color. But there was still faith in the seven cities; these had been heard of from so many sources that they, at least, must be genuine.

How bitter, then, was the disappointment when the hill was finally reached from which Fray Marcos had looked

A native village in New Mexico

down on the famous cities. Houses of mud! Villages, not one of which could shelter more than two hundred people! To be sure the houses were palaces when compared with the Indian huts, but those were so wretched. The beans, melons, and pumpkins raised in the rich valley

must have seemed abundance to the natives who often went hungry in the dry sandy regions. But how had the fame of these cities been spread so far, if the buildings below were all on which to base the stories of the splendors of the long-sought seven cities? No one could tell.

There was no time to give expression to anger or disappointment; no time even to gaze at the scene below. The Indians of the first village were drawn up to fight the approaching strangers. The battle which followed was fierce but short. Coronado was wounded twice, for he was constantly in the front of the fight, and his shining armor was a good target for the stones and arrows of the Indians. Spanish arms conquered, however, and in less than an hour the battle was won. Soon after, the neighboring villages also yielded. The first village was made the stronghold for the Spanish army, and thus the rule of Spain began in the southwestern part of what is now the United States.

In Coronado's letter to Mendoza, telling of the victory, he says that the name Cibola, by which the seven cities had so long been known, was given by the natives to the whole kingdom, and not to any one village. As nearly as the place can be located now, it is in southern or western New Mexico. When the traveler of to-day looks at the remarkable buildings of the Cliff Dwellers of this region, and considers that they were built long before the white people had visited the land, he can understand how great they seemed to the simple natives in their lowly huts, and he can almost excuse the wild fancies of Fray Marcos about their wealth.

Coronado was determined to learn all that he could about the country to which he had come. He heard nothing of gold mines, although the Indians showed him some small pieces of both gold and silver, but he deter-

Homes of the Cliff Dwellers

mined to investigate for himself. At one village in what is now New Mexico, he met an Indian whom the Spaniards nicknamed "the Turk," on account of his peculiar appearance. He had been brought captive to New Mexico after one of the numerous wars between the fierce tribes of that country and the people farther east. He was unhappy and eager to return to his home far to the east, and he seems to have thought that here was a chance to go under strong protection. He heard the white men inquiring about gold, silver, emeralds, turquoises; and we must

believe that he was clever enough to make them think that he could lead them to great wealth. He told about great quantities of gold and silver to the north and east; about large rivers which watered the land; green grass and forests of trees, such as could not grow in the deserts of New Mexico, were everywhere, he said. The stories of vast wealth were false, but much of what he said was true, for the man was probably a prisoner from the region of prairies and forests.

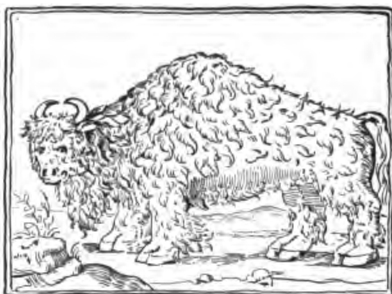
The Spaniards eagerly believed all that was told them, and started off toward the plains of Kansas, taking the so-called "Turk" with them as a guide. Thus began one of the most notable marches in the history of our country.

Buffaloes

It was not long before the company reached the land where the "wild cows" lived, as the Spaniards called the buffaloes. The soldiers wrote home about them as "the most monstrous thing in the way of an animal which has ever been seen or read about." They soon killed some, although it was at the risk of their horses' lives, so strong and fierce were the buffaloes. There were as many of them as there were fish in the sea, said the men; and

on all their long march they were not again for any length of time out of sight of the immense herds which then roamed over the country north and east of New Mexico.

The farther Coronado and his little army went, the less their surroundings looked like the rich places which the guide had promised to show them, and the more the Spaniards doubted the Indian's story. They began to think that he had been sent by the Indians of New Mexico to lead them on and on in these endless plains until they died or were killed by the savages. At last the soldiers begged not to be taken farther into this awful, unknown country. Coronado thought that it was unnecessary for the whole army to go on, and therefore sent back all but about thirty men. With these he decided to take all the risks and push on to Quivira, the city about which he had heard in Cibola, and which the guide had told him was so rich.



Picture of buffalo drawn by Spaniards

Coronado and his men marched onward until they reached the plains of southern Kansas. Almost in fear they looked around. The plains, so great, so wide, so unbounded, seemed to them like the ocean. In all directions was the low horizon line, unbroken by trees or mountains. There was nothing to guide them, and the men asked themselves

if they should ever be able to find their way back to Mexico.

"There are no paths here," they complained to each other, "except those made by the wild cows, and they lead nowhere. The earth is so level that we do not know where we are or where we have been. If one of us wanders away after the cows, and loses sight of the rest of the party, he is lost forever, and will die miserably."

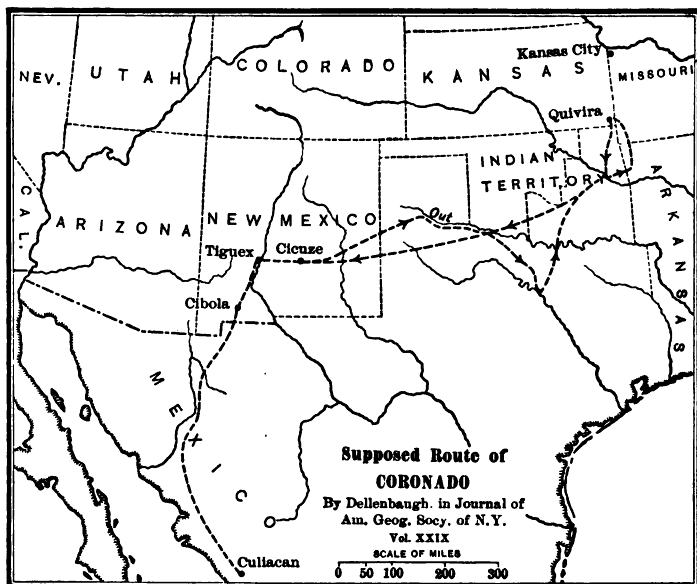
Finally Coronado reached Quivira. But how different it was from the stories he had heard from the lips of the guide! Instead of large houses there were only huts of straw. Instead of cities there were wretched, dirty little villages; for the Indians kept moving from place to place, wherever they were hunting the buffaloes which furnished them with nearly everything needed to eat and to wear.

The natives did not know what Coronado meant by gold and silver, and they had no jewels. They did have a few copper vessels, which they said came from "on beyond." They raised corn, beans, melons, and pumpkins; and the Spaniards saw some wild fruit and nuts growing. But there was nothing in Quivira to reward Coronado for all his time and labor, nor to pay back the money he had borrowed in order to make the expedition. He would be a ruined man when he returned to Mexico.

Besides his own disappointment, there was the king of Spain to think about. He had found nothing in all this vast country that the king would care to have; and it was so far away from Mexico that it would be useless to try to make settlements. What could Coronado write home

about this expedition from which so much had been hoped? Perhaps the king would lose all faith in him, and leave him to his debts and disappointments.

It was a sad letter which the young explorer wrote the king. In it he speaks of the stories told him about the



**Supposed Route of CORONADO**
By Dellenbaugh. in Journal of Am. Geog. Socy. of N.Y. Vol. XXIX

fine city of Quivira; and about its kings who "were served with dishes of gold, and other very magnificent things." He continued in the same letter: "Although I did not believe it before I had set eyes on it, it appeared to me that it should be investigated for Your Majesty's service, and I determined to go and see it with the men I have

here." He finished the letter in a way considered proper by so loyal and courteous a subject as himself.

"And may our Lord protect the Holy Imperial Catholic person of Your Majesty, with increase of greater kingdoms and powers, as your loyal servants and vassals desire. Your Majesty's humble servant and vassal, who would kiss the Royal feet and hands.

"FRANCISCO VASQUEZ[1] CORONADO."

There was little brightness for Coronado on his return to Mexico. Some who have written of his life say that the viceroy was very angry with him because he had given up the march to the north. For many who had not been on that trying journey over the deserts, through the mountains, and across the sealike plains, still believed that these lands were as rich in gold and silver as Mexico had been. Broken-hearted by disappointment, and overwhelmed with debts, Coronado went to his own province. There he lived almost alone, seeing few people; and there he died neglected.

Neither he nor those who knew him ever realized what a wonderful march he had made. To-day it can be understood. He went from Mexico through the deserts of New Mexico, north and east into southern Kansas. A priest who went with him, and who decided to stay in Quivira to convert the Indians, was killed there not long after the departure of Coronado. He was probably the first martyr of the church in the central part of our country. He was at his good work of trying to convert the Indians of Kan-

[1] Vasquez (Väs-keth').

sas only fifty years after the landing of Columbus on the West India islands, and seventy-five years before the English made their settlement at Plymouth, Massachusetts.

Some of the explorers were sorry to give up the attempt to learn more about this great interior plain, and in later days one of them wrote thus about it: —

"God reserved its discovery to others. He only permitted us to boast of being the first who had any knowledge of it. May the Lord's will be done."

Canyon of the Colorado

While Coronado was making his fruitless march to Quivira, Alarcon was coasting up the shore with two ships, hoping that at some of his landing places he would get news of the land expedition. The Spanish at that time still believed that Lower California was an island, cut off from the mainland by the Gulf of California, or the Sea of Cortes, as it was then often called.

Alarcon was ordered to sail up the eastern coast of the

supposed island. This course brought him to the head of the gulf, which had been visited but not explored by Ulloa on his voyage for Cortes. The broad stream flowing into the gulf was discovered, and Alarcon sailed up it a short distance. He was told by the Indians that Cibola was only a few days' march inland, but not one of his men would venture to carry a message to Coronado, who was said to be already there. Before Alarcon could arrange to take his whole force across the dry and hostile country between him and Cibola, he learned that Coronado had gone farther north. It was useless to try to overtake him, so Alarcon returned to Mexico, having accomplished nothing but the discovery of the Colorado River.

Mendoza was angered that the expedition had done so little. The leader was disgraced, and left to die of grief in a distant province. Surely the Spanish discoverers and explorers paid heavily for any lack of success.

Two years after the return of Alarcon, Mendoza sent out another expedition under the charge of a noted Portuguese navigator, Juan Cabrillo.

QUESTIONS. — With what object in view did Coronado leave Mexico? When he and his soldiers were on the hill overlooking the Indian villages why did they not picture to themselves rich cities like those imagined by Fray Marcos? Why should these cities have seemed so great to the neighboring tribes of Indians? What reason for thinking that they may have been the ones visited by Tejos and his father? Why may they have been those heard about by Cabeza de Vaca? Was there any reason for their fame among the natives?

Why did not Spain claim all the vast country traversed by Coronado? Why was Coronado sad when he wrote his letter to the king of Spain?

Why was Alarcon's expedition a failure?

# CHAPTER VII

## THE SPANISH CLAIM TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN

To understand why Spain thought that she had so good a claim to the Pacific Ocean, to all the islands in it, and to all the lands bordering it, we must go back to the beginning of the period of discoveries.

Spanish ships of war

Before Columbus started out from Spain to find Asia by sailing west, several of the nations of Europe had been getting rich goods from India and China, which had been carried by caravans across the deserts of Asia. The caravan routes, however, were so dangerous and the journey required so much time, that people began to wonder if some easier way could not be discovered. This thought led Columbus to study all the maps and charts he could find, to see how much truth there was in the theory that the world is round. The same idea caused the Portuguese to send out ships to see if, by sailing around

Africa, a water route to China and India might not be discovered. Both Spain and Portugal were trying to find an easier way to reach the far East; the one by going west, the other by going east.

It must be remembered that at this time most of the people of Europe thought the world to be flat, and the only countries known to them outside of Europe were those in Asia and Africa which bordered the Mediterranean Sea. Africa was almost unknown, except that it was a large region south of the Mediterranean. With all the world so strange to them, it required as much courage for the Portuguese sailors to explore the hot coasts of western Africa as it did for Columbus to steer his vessel across the seemingly shoreless Atlantic.

The Portuguese were the first to reach the hoped-for rich lands of the East, and they came back loaded with the silks, spices, and jewels for which all Europe was so ready to pay the highest prices. Their success meant wealth to Portugal. About the time that they returned, Columbus came back from his first voyage, and told of the lands which he had found. The Spanish were greatly disappointed, for Columbus had but few treasures to show, and the savage lands which he had discovered were not much like the golden kingdoms of India and China. Although he was aided in making his voyages, far more interest was shown in the search by other Spanish vessels for the countries visited regularly by the Portuguese.

When it became generally known that Columbus had reached new islands in the west, trouble arose between Spain and Portugal. Ignorant of the real size of the

world, they thought that their vessels had found the same countries or their islands. They did not know that America and the wide Pacific lay between the islands where Columbus had seen the gentle, friendly people whom he had called Indians, and the places where the Portuguese had bought their goods. Neither country would give up its claim to the lands found, nor to the right to sail over the ocean to them; neither would consent to share its newly discovered possessions with the other. Finally, since they had to agree on something, they said that they would let the Pope settle their quarrel.

The Pope, Alexander VI, gave the quarreling nations a famous decision. He divided the still unknown world between them. He said that they should imagine a line drawn north and south through the Atlantic, three hundred and seventy leagues west of the Cape Verde Islands. The lands found, or to be found, west of this line should belong to Spain; all those east of it to Portugal. With this decision both countries were very well satisfied, as, indeed, they ought to be; for it gave the western half of the world to one of them, and the eastern half to the other, and left nothing for the other countries of Europe. Both nations hurried ships and men to the far East; those from Spain went west around South America, those from Portugal went east around the southern part of Africa. All went well until the ships of the two countries met on the farther side of the world. This meeting took place in the Philippine Islands, where the old quarrel began again, and each nation was as disobliging as possible to the other.

Portugal claimed all of the ocean east of Europe, as well as all of the land, and would not let the Spanish sail around the Cape of Good Hope, although that was by far the shorter route. Therefore, the Spanish trading vessels in the far East were obliged to take the long way home, — across the Pacific, around South America, and across the Atlantic. This was a very, very long voyage, and it required so many weeks to cross the Pacific that the sailors often became sick with scurvy; so there was much talk about trying to make a settlement somewhere on the coast of California. There were other reasons why Spain was desirous of exploring the countries on the Pacific. It was believed that the Pacific and the Atlantic were connected by a strait, somewhere to the north, which had even been named, the Straits of Anian. It was very important for Spain to find this passage, and so shorten the voyage to the East. By and by, also, English vessels had ventured into the Pacific, and coasted along the western shores of North America; and there was reason to fear that England would claim the land visited by her ships. Consequently the Spanish king commanded that the northern coast of the Pacific should be claimed and settled.

QUESTIONS. — What did Spain hope for from the voyages of Columbus? What nation was her rival? Why was there no trouble with other nations when the Pope divided the world between the two? Do you know whether this decision held good? Into what explorations did it lead Spain? Why are her trips studied here, and those of Portugal omitted? Why did Spain finally decide to explore the Pacific coast of America? Why had she not done so before?

## CHAPTER VIII

### CABRILLO AND VISCAINO

JUAN CABRILLO, the leader whom Mendoza selected to command the expedition up the Pacific coast, was so brave and daring that the viceroy believed he would stop at no difficulty that could be overcome. At the same time he was so careful and had such good judgment that he would not rashly take any unnecessary risks.

Cabrillo had two ships, both of which were small and slow. One of them was even without a deck to protect the sailors from the rough winds and storms which they might encounter. It was almost the last of June when the explorer sailed from Navidad, on the western coast of Mexico, under orders to stop in all the important bays and harbors and to make maps and charts of the places visited.

As the little fleet sailed north, Cabrillo landed at every convenient harbor and took possession of the adjoining country in the name of the king of Spain. He went farther north than any of the vessels which had been before him. He passed the coast of what is now called Lower California, and finally sailed into San Diego Bay. For the first time, probably, white men looked at the beautiful line of hills circling away from the ocean; for the first time Point Loma stretched its long arms protectingly around

the white man's ships. Charmed with the security of the landlocked bay, with the surrounding country sloping like an immense amphitheater to the blue water, and with the mellow sunlight over all, Cabrillo took possession for Spain. Whether he dreamed, while doing so, that the day would come when the ships of civilized nations would float

Island of Santa Catalina

on the bay and a city spring up on the sunr.v shores we do not know.

Cabrillo could not stay long anywhere, no matter how attractive the place. He had been sent out to 'earn about the whole coast, and he pushed on farther north, to still unknown lands and waters. He visited the island of Santa Catalina, so famous for its beauty; then he went

back to the mainland, where the friendly Indians gazed in wonder at the great winged ships, as they called the sailing vessels. Again and again he landed to trade with the natives or to admire the region; and he never failed to claim the country for Spain. The summer passed all too quickly for the voyage which he was expected to make.

It was nearing winter when Cabrillo rounded Point Conception. Storms were soon rolling his little vessels and driving them far from each other and out to sea. In the smaller one, which had no deck, the sailors suffered cruelly from the cold and waves. After the storm had spent its fury, the ships came together again and, rounding another point, they sailed into the quieter waters of a bay. To a projecting headland past which they sailed, the name was given by which it is still known, Point Pinos. The quaintly shaped, wind-swept pines which suggested the name were greeted with pleasure by the sailors, for trees so near the ocean were rare all along the coast which they were exploring.

Cabrillo wished to land, but even the bay was still too rough to permit him to anchor his ships securely; so, to the regret of all on board, the cypress-grown shores were soon left behind. It remained for an explorer of a later day to give the bay its present name of Monterey.

Slowly Cabrillo's little vessels worked their way north. Storms tossed and hindered them, and the sailors suffered much from the cold. Brave man as Cabrillo was, and anxious to obey orders and learn all about the coast, he finally knew it to be wiser to abandon the voyage. He was not far from San Francisco Bay when he gave the order to turn south; he started on his return, promising himself to

come again into these waters, and sail along the coast that frowned so forbiddingly at him.

Cabrillo had made his last voyage. Instead of going back to Mexico, he landed on an island off Santa Barbara.

Point Pinos

There he planned to spend the rest of the winter and then to start north again in the spring. But on the island he died and was buried.

Even in his death he was true to the mission that the viceroy had given him, for almost his last words were to his chief pilot, urging, commanding, him to go on with the voyage in the spring, and to explore the coast as far as it was possible for any ship to sail.

Cabrillo's voyage was in 1542; it was not until 1598 that any effort was made to establish a colony in even the northern part of Mexico. It was not until 1602, sixty years after the voyage of Cabrillo, that another Spanish vessel sailed into the harbors which he had visited. The man who was selected for this duty by the king of Spain was Viscaino; he made one voyage up the coast in 1598, and another in 1602. On the first he did not go beyond Lower California; the second was more important, and is the one which we shall follow.

Viscaino's voyage was not very different from Cabrillo's. He stopped in San Diego, where he was charmed by the bay, as Cabrillo had been. The sailors went to the top of the long ridge of Point Loma. Then the ships hurried north in search of the Straits of Anian. Viscaino stopped at Santa Catalina, as Cabrillo had done, and gave the island the name which it still bears. Then on he sailed, farther north. Still following the course of Cabrillo, he rounded the Point of Pines, and dropped anchor in the bay of Monterey.

The sailors were glad, indeed, for the rest on land. They wandered from place to place, delighted with all they saw. The pines came down to the water's edge in some places, and, as it was December, the hills were already green from the winter rains. Monterey was wonderfully beautiful to the sailors, even as it is to us to-day. There was plenty of fresh water in the streams flowing to the sea, and in the springs along the shore. There were many wild animals, and the sailors enjoyed hunting and feasting. One place described by them became a landmark for those Spaniards who came many years later. This was a

wide-spreading oak tree, close by the water's edge. Its limbs hung so low that some of them were swept by the waves. Near its roots springs of fresh water gushed out. Here Viscaino built a booth of green branches and had mass said. It was a fitting chapel in the wilderness.

After about two weeks in Monterey the anchors were raised, and the ships sailed out on their search for the Straits of Anian. They sailed past the narrow Golden Gate that opens into the broad waters of San Francisco Bay. Whether it was hidden in fogs, as so often happens at that time of the year, or whether Viscaino was too far out to sea to notice it, we do not know; but he passed without seeing what is perhaps the finest harbor in all the world. He sailed on, almost to the southern boundary of Oregon, and then was forced to turn back on account of storms and the sickness of many of his sailors.

In spite of all that Viscaino had discovered, and although he wrote a careful account of his voyage and sent it to the king of Spain, it was nearly two hundred years before any settlements were made north of Mexico. Such neglect could hardly be believed were it not for the fact that during that period the power of Spain had greatly declined. From being the first nation on the continent, she sank to an inferior power. California and the settlements on the Pacific coast were not forgotten, but they were neglected until the time of Father Serra and the missions.

QUESTIONS. — What were two difficulties which Cabrillo had to meet on his voyage north? What did his expeditions mean for Spain? What bays would he surely mention in his report? Which one would probably be the most suitable harbor for the vessels from the Philippines? Why did Spain so long neglect the sailors on the Pacific?

## CHAPTER IX

### THE ENGLISH IN THE NORTH PACIFIC

SPAIN and Portugal had divided the world between them before the other nations of Europe realized the fact that there was anything in the newly discovered countries worth having. But as these two enterprising nations grew richer and richer by reason of their new possessions, both England and France decided to win a share of the wealth of the New World. Consequently many of their vessels crossed the Atlantic and visited the eastern coast of our country, but for many years none of them ventured so far away as the Pacific.

No nation, however, had braver sailors than England, and when it was known that the Spanish and Portuguese had actually sailed round the world, English vessels were soon fitted out to attempt the same perilous exploit. England and Spain were not good friends in those days; and as the galleons of Spain came home loaded with the treasures of Mexico and Peru, and later of the far East, English vessels were ready to lie in wait for them and take possession of their riches. In our day this would be piracy; but at that time there were no laws applying to the sea, and it was thought a very brave deed to seize a ship belonging to a foreign country and bring home her cargo.

One of the most daring men at the court of Queen Elizabeth was Francis Drake. So eager was he to earn wealth and fame for England and for himself, and at the same time humble the power of Spain, that he determined to sail anywhere that Spanish ships could go and to seize their treasures of gold and silver for his country.

Sir Francis Drake

On one of his early voyages he visited the Isthmus of Panama, for the purpose of capturing Spanish treasures that were being carried across from the Pacific shore to the Gulf. While passing over the mountain ridge that lies between the two great waters, he climbed a tall tree which stood on the summit. He was delighted by the scene before him. To the west he looked down upon the Pacific, that great body of water of which he had heard but which no Englishman before him had ever seen. So carried away was he at the sight, that he knelt down and prayed that he might some day sail an English ship upon the waters of that mighty ocean where hitherto only Spanish vessels had sailed. It was not long before his desire was gratified.

In 1577 he left England with five vessels, sailing to the west; nearly three years later he returned with one ship, but he came from the east. He had sailed around the world, the first Englishman to make the wonderful voy-

age. The account of his adventures reads like pages from a story book, but only a few of them can be recounted here.

From the first, he and his men were on the lookout for Spanish ships to plunder. Some small ones were taken when only a short distance out from England, and some Spanish galleons were seen along the coast of Brazil, but Drake hurried on toward the Pacific: there the treasure ships would be more abundant, and the Spanish would not be on their guard against English privateers as on the Atlantic. The passage through the Strait of Magellan was very stormy, and Drake's small ships suffered greatly. While still on the Atlantic two of his five vessels had been sent back to England. While the fleet was passing through the straits another ship abandoned the enterprise and sailed for home; for the men were already tired of the voyage, and eager to escape the perils that were before them. The remaining two vessels became separated, and one of them was never seen again. Only one ship, therefore, survived to sail triumphantly into the Pacific, and that was the ship which carried Drake himself. This vessel had been known at first as the *Pelican*, but after passing the Strait of Magellan she was called the *Golden Hind*.

Sailing northward along the coast of Chile, Drake captured many Spanish treasure ships. He boarded one as she lay at anchor, nearly all her men having gone ashore. He secured a great quantity of gold in bars "shaped like brickbats," says the old chronicler who tells about it; and "so much silver as did ballast the *Golden Hind*." After

the treasure had been put on board of Drake's vessel, the galleon was set adrift to go wherever she might be taken by winds and waves. In one place, where Drake landed for water, his men found a Spaniard asleep on the shore, while near him were lying thirteen large bars of silver, worth four thousand ducats in Spanish money. As the old chronicler says, "We took the silver and left the man."

The sleeping Spaniard

Drake captured so many Spanish vessels, whose loads he lightened while he made his own heavy, that he at last began to think of returning to England. It was not safe to go back through the Strait of Magellan; the Spaniards were watching for him there, and would have little mercy should they capture him. Besides, he remembered how the storms raged in the straits, and he did not like to take the risk of losing his one little vessel, heavily loaded as she was with prizes from the Spaniards.

Drake knew of the many efforts which had been made to find a northern passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and he determined to see if he could discover the straits from the Pacific side. He therefore sailed still farther north, past the coasts of Mexico and California. Finally

he reached just about the same latitude visited by Cabrillo's pilot in 1543. There the *Golden Hind* met bad weather, and the men on board were "grievously pinched" with cold. Drake had not found the hoped-for strait, but the storms with snow and ice warned him that he must give up his search. He caused the ship's course to be changed, and returned toward the south.

The *Golden Hind* needed repairs, and somewhere near San Francisco, Drake entered a small bay, dropped anchor, and stayed long enough to rest his men and to make his ship ready for the long voyage home. Drake believed that, difficult as it might be, the safest way to return to England was to take the Spanish route west across the Pacific to the Philippines and the East Indies, and thence to follow the Portuguese vessels around Africa into the Atlantic.

Drake was well received by the Indians of the coast. They crowded around the crew, went on board the ship, and made long speeches in Indian to which Drake responded in English. One day they put on Drake a head-dress of feathers, and tried to show him that they would consider him one of their chiefs. The Englishmen, however, thought that the feathers were a crown, and that this was the Indian way of giving up all right to their country; they were much pleased to accept the gift, and later made this act of the natives one of their claims to California and Oregon.

As the Indians became better acquainted with the white people they brought in all their lame and sick to be healed by their visitors. Going to their chests, the English

brought out medicines and plasters, and doctored all the aches and pains as well as they knew how. This treatment was so pleasing to the Indians that they not only came back for more of it themselves, but brought their friends from other tribes with them, and the English were kept busy using their simple remedies.

This visit of Drake's to the coast of California had some very important results. Drake believed himself to be the first white man to discover that part of the world. In fact, his chronicler said: "It seemeth that the Spaniards hitherto had never been in this part of the country, neither did ever discover the land by many degrees to the southward of this place." So Drake claimed all the region for England. Neither Spanish nor English, however, had discovered the most extensive bay in all the world, although it lay so near them. Cabrillo had approached to within two days' sail of the Golden Gate, and the next year his pilot passed close by the narrow entrance. Drake was anchored for thirty-six days within a day's travel of the great bay. But the hills kept their secret well for two hundred years more.

Drake could leave no men behind him to hold the land he claimed, even had such a course seemed necessary. He therefore set up a sign that the region belonged to England. This was "a fair, great post," with a brass plate nailed upon it. On this plate were engraved the queen's name, the day and year of Drake's arrival, and also a statement that the natives had of their own free will given their lands and themselves into "her Majesty's hands." For lack of a better portrait of Queen Elizabeth,

a sixpence of the money of her reign, having on it the royal picture and arms, was placed under the plate. Drake's name was also written on this monument, and, in memory of Albion, as England is often called, the country was named New Albion.

Everything which the roving freebooter could devise to hold the land for his monarch had now been done, and Drake began to make final preparations for his departure. The *Golden Hind* was made ready to sail. The cargo, which had been carefully guarded on shore while the ship was being overhauled, was reloaded. An abundance of fresh water and all the food that could be obtained were taken on board.

The English had spent five weeks in the company of the Indians, and now that they were about to leave, the poor savages could hardly understand that these white men, who had seemed like gods to them, were really going away. They gave up all the gladness, the games, the jollity, with which they had tried to amuse their guests, and began to weep and groan, and tear the flesh with their finger nails until blood ran. The sailors finding that nothing would pacify their dark-skinned friends, finally began to sing psalms and to pray with them. The Indians had often listened to the sailors singing, and on all their visits had begged for music; so now they forgot their own way of saying good-by, and tried to imitate the English, lifting their hands and eyes to the skies just as they saw the white men doing.

When the ship finally began to move slowly out of the little bay, the Indians were in great distress. They

ran along the coast to keep the vessel in sight, following the shores of the bay to the ocean; at last they went to the top of a hill that they might watch the white sails far out at sea. As night came on, the sorrowful Indians built a great fire on the shore, whose red light Drake and his sailors could see long after they had lost sight of land.

Interesting as is the account, it is not a part of our purpose to tell how Drake sailed on around the world. When the bold navigator reached England after nearly three years' absence, he was received with the greatest joy. Never before had so wonderful a voyage been made by an English vessel; never had one come home so loaded with Spanish treasures.

Drake was the hero of the day. So pleased was Queen Elizabeth, that she honored him in many ways. She took dinner on board of the *Golden Hind;* and on the deck she caused plain Francis Drake to become Sir Francis Drake, dubbing him a knight with his own sword. The queen even mightily offended the Spanish minister at her court by wearing in her royal hair some of the splendid jewels taken from the treasure ships of Spain.

QUESTIONS. — What did England think about the division of the world between Spain and Portugal? How did she show this opinion? What was Drake's object when he started out from England? What two great and unexpected results were there from his trip? What disappointment did he meet in the North Pacific? Why was it a serious one for Drake? What change did it make necessary in his plans? What source for a quarrel between Spain and England in Drake's voyage? Had the English made any settlement on the Atlantic coast at this time?

# III. THE MISSIONS OF ALTA CALIFORNIA

## CHAPTER X

### THE DESIRE OF A YOUTH

IN the Mediterranean Sea, not far from the hills of Spain, is a small island, called Majorca. On this island, in 1713, almost two hundred years ago, was born a baby boy, whose life is interesting to all Californians. His father and mother called him Michael, but here in the New World he is known only as Father Junípero Serra.[1]

The parents of Michael were poor, but good and honest. They were very proud of their son, and wanted him to become an educated man. In those days it cost a great deal of money to send a boy to school, and it was not often that poor people could give their children an education; but Michael's parents were determined. They went to the priests and asked their help. As these good men knew the parents well, they said that the child might stay with them and attend their school without pay. They never had reason to regret their kindness.

Michael proved to be a remarkable scholar for those days. He was so fond of reading that he was seldom

[1] Junípero Serra (Hoo nē'pā-rō Sār'rä).

without a book in his hands. In this way he learned about some of the great men of the church who had gone into distant, foreign lands as missionaries. He pictured their sufferings as the cruel savages tortured them and put them to death. But he thought also of the brighter side. He read that sometimes these missionaries made friends of the savages, telling them the story of Christ, and showing them a better way to live than any they had before known. Young Michael determined to be a missionary. He never gave up this project, although it could not be carried out until long after he had become a priest, and had taken the name of Father Serra.

The youth of Father Serra

As the years passed, Father Serra talked sometimes about his plans with two friends who loved him dearly. These were the priests, Father Crespi and Father Palou, who became the devoted companions of his later years. One day, when Father Serra was sitting alone in the little cell which was the only room he could call his own, Father Palou came in. As the two men talked together, Father Palou said that he, too, had decided to go as a missionary to the Indians of America. Father Serra was delighted.

"Now," he cried, "we can go. For a long time the only obstacle to my going has been the want of a companion. Thank God! the obstacle is removed." In a few months the two friends sailed for Mexico, where missionaries were already at work among the Indians.

When the vessel bearing the two priests reached the end of its voyage, it anchored at Vera Cruz, many days' journey from the city of Mexico. The passengers expected to find there wagons and guides to take them across the country, but for some reason none could be had. Rather than wait weeks, perhaps, for means of transportation, Father Serra decided to walk the hundred leagues to Mexico. For a time it seemed as if he must go alone, for Father Palou was too ill to accompany him, and no one else wanted to attempt such a trip; but at last one man said he was ready to try to walk to the city of Mexico.

The two started without a guide, intending to beg their food on the way, for they could not burden themselves with baggage of any kind. Even when they were suffering from hunger, and did not know where to sleep for the night, Father Serra thought first of others and last of himself. One day, when they had just one loaf of bread, they met some poor people who had none, and were starving. Seeing that they were worse off than himself, Father Serra gave them the loaf and trusted God for another. He had not made a mistake; a little farther on they were met by a kind-hearted man who gave them something to eat.

On this journey Father Serra wounded his leg. The wound would not heal, and until his death, thirty-five years later, he suffered greatly from it. In spite of the

pain thus caused, he walked from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico as quickly as a well man could have gone.

At last Father Serra was in Mexico, among the Indians whom he had longed to teach. Here was the life work which he had dreamed of since boyhood. Full of enthusiasm and love he entered upon it, and for eighteen years he labored unceasingly among the natives in the provinces of New Spain. Then a great change came to his life. He was sent to take charge of the missions that were to be founded in Alta California.

QUESTIONS. — What part of a missionary's life attracted Father Serra as a boy? What reasons may he have had for walking from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico? Can you mention five traits of character already shown by this great man?

## CHAPTER XI

### EXPEDITIONS INTO ALTA CALIFORNIA

It was more than a hundred and fifty years after Viscaino's last voyage, before the Spanish saw fit to learn more about the great region which they claimed along the Pacific coast. Then the former reasons for colonizing that region were urged with even greater force than before. Spanish sailors returning from the long voyage across the Pacific still suffered and died from scurvy as in the days of Viscaino, and there was much danger that foreign nations would take possession of the coast. So again the thoughts of Spain began to turn toward California. The king ordered that an expedition should rediscover the bay of Monterey and make there a settlement.

When the priests of Mexico learned that soldiers were to be sent to establish a settlement and military stations on the coast, they determined to send some of their number with them. With all the zeal of missionaries they longed to go to the thousands of Indians in Upper California. They wanted to teach the savages a better way of living; to cure them of their diseases; to bring them into the missions; and to hold the great country for the church and for Spain. They urged that it would not be difficult to found missions, for animals of all kinds

could be sent from Mexico, and, for a while at least, until gardens, orchards, and flocks of animals could be started in the new places, supplies could be sent to California by ship.

The king was pleased that the priests should go. He knew that if missions were built, and the Indians learned to love and obey the priests, it would be easier to hold the country in subjection than if an army of soldiers went and established military rule. As soon as the priests learned the king's decision, they began to ask themselves who was to be their leader in the new provinces. It was the general opinion that Father Serra was the best man for the position, for he had proved himself one of the strongest workers in Mexico. So he was made president of all the missions to be built in Alta California, and was put in charge of all the work there. The dream of the youth at Majorca was coming to a glorious fulfillment. He was so happy that he could not work fast enough in collecting the supplies that would be necessary in the new country.

The Spanish governor of Mexico at that time was Galvez,[1] a man whose name deserves to be remembered in connection with the California missions. He was as eager as Father Serra to push forward rapidly their founding, and he was always a helpful friend to them and to their worthy president. Galvez also knew that it would be a grand thing for Spain to hold all the land then known as Alta, or Upper, California; and, as other nations were trying to get possession of the country, Spain must not be slow in carrying out her plans.

[1] Galvez (Gäl-veth').

Galvez decided to send two expeditions, one by land and one by water. But as the sea expedition was to go in three vessels, and the one by land was divided into two companies, he was really fitting out five expeditions.

There was much to be done, and neither Galvez nor Father Serra hesitated to put their hands to the packing and other hard work, although one was the governor of Mexico, and the other was the president of the missions of California. The ships had to be entirely overhauled. They had to be repainted and the bottoms covered with pitch. Then they had to be loaded. There were guns for the forts, tools for working the land, seeds for the gardens and fields, provisions and fresh water for the voyage, bells and ornaments for the churches. There were also supplies of food for the soldiers and priests who were to stay in California, for it would be many months before they could raise enough to feed their whole company. With the land expeditions were to go the cattle, horses, sheep, and mules. These were to be collected from the missions in Lower California as the expeditions marched northward, and were to be driven up the peninsula to San Diego, where the first mission was to be founded.

Father Crespi went with the first land expedition. Father Serra was expected to join the second, but he could not start with it. He was worn out with the hard work of preparation; the wound in his leg troubled him; he was too ill to travel. The company, therefore, under Gaspar de Portolá, the first governor of California, left reluctantly without him, planning to move slowly until he could overtake them. Father Palou was to remain at one of the

missions of Lower California, where he had long lived; but when he learned of Father Serra's illness, he asked to go to California in his place. Feeling that he would soon be ready to start, Father Serra refused the offer of his friend.

It was three weeks after the expedition started from Loreto before Father Serra was strong enough to mount his mule and follow up the peninsula. His way led him past the mission where Father Palou labored, and there he stopped several days for the rest he so sorely needed. As Father Palou looked into the pale face and noticed the worn body of his beloved friend, he urged still more vigorously his plan of going himself to California; he feared that, even if Father Serra survived the severe journey to San Diego, he could not endure the still more trying labors of founding missions. Again the sick man refused, gratefully but firmly. He was ready to die, he said; but he could not stay away from California at such a time.

Father Palou knew that his dear old friend never gave up, but he urged him again to stay at least for a time in Mexico, where the work would be so much lighter than it could possibly be in a new country. He promised to go in the place of the president, and to return just so soon as Father Serra was well enough to take the work in California; he begged him to remain quiet until he was better able to make the trip. But Father Serra had set his heart on ringing the bells and laying the foundation of the first mission in California, and he shook his head at the suggestion of Father Palou.

"Let us speak no more on this subject," said he. "I have placed my faith in God and trust in his goodness to

plant the standard of the holy cross not only at San Diego, but even as far north as Monterey."

It was useless to say more. Father Palou knew that Father Serra would take no thought for himself. He would hurry on after the company ahead of him, forgetting his pain, forgetting his body entirely. Perhaps he would overtake Governor Portolá; perhaps his strength would give out, and he would die on the way.

After less than a week with the friend of his boyhood, Father Serra said he was ready to start. He was to be accompanied by trusty servants, for he was still in such great pain from his wounded leg that he could not mount his mule alone. There was a tender farewell between the two priests, for both felt that this might be their last meeting on earth. They could not foresee that both were to live more than fifteen years longer, and that when death should claim Father Serra, Father Palou would be at his bedside.

The company had stopped to wait for Father Serra, and very glad they all were when they saw him come into their camp. It had been hard traveling, and he had again tried his strength too far. He was so ill that he could not sit, nor stand, nor lie down, without the greatest pain. His foot was badly swollen. Everybody thought that he must soon die, and urged him to stay in Mexico. But the resolute priest had gone too far to return.

"No," said he, firmly. "If I am strong enough to go back, I am strong enough to go forward. God has brought me thus far, and if it is his will, I shall finally reach San Diego."

Governor Portolá then commanded that a litter should

be made on which the good father could be carried. Again came an objection.

"What am I," said he, "that I should be carried by my fellow-men? Some other way will come to me."

"My son," he asked, turning to one of the mule drivers, "can you find some remedy for my sore foot?"

"What am I that I should be carried by my fellow-men?"

The driver hesitated. He was only an ignorant man, the driver of mules. It was Father Serra, the president of all the missions of Upper California, who was asking him for help. He was afraid to use his simple medicines on so great a man.

"What remedy have I, Father, for men?" he asked at length. "I am not a surgeon, only a mule driver, and I can cure only my beasts."

"Well, son," said the priest, kindly, "imagine that I am one of the animals, and that this is one of their wounds." Here he pointed to his swollen and painful leg. "Now apply the same remedy."

The mule driver smiled, touched by the suffering and the gentleness of the priest.

"I will do so, Father, to please you," said he.

He took some suet, mixed it with herbs, made of it a kind of plaster, and applied it to the sore. The result was surprising to every one. In the morning Father Serra awoke so much better that the journey was resumed.

The expedition moved slowly. There were no roads, and often the way had to be cleared of stones and cactus plants. There were the animals to drive, and pasturage and water were scarce. Some of the Indians became sick, some deserted, and some died. Everybody suffered in crossing the sandy, rocky, cactus-grown stretches of country. At last, on the first of July, three months after Father Serra had left Loreto, the weary company saw a sight that made them happy. Down below them, glistening in the sunshine, lay a beautiful land-locked bay. At that distance its calm waters seemed without a ripple. Outside the narrow peninsula that stretched its long arm between the bay and the sea was the blue ocean, its surface fretted only by an occasional whitecap. Still farther across the ocean toward the west, almost on the horizon line, rose the Coronado Islands.

The tired men gave a cry of delight as they recognized San Diego Bay; and as the slowly moving train hurried its pace at the sight, the soldiers fired off their muskets.

For a few moments every one listened in silence. Then came answering shots from the tents on the shore, and in a few seconds still others from the two ships riding at anchor on the bay. Volley after volley followed, as the company rushed on to meet waiting friends. Four of the five expeditions were reunited, and the men laughed, talked, and embraced each other in their joy that so many were at last safe in the new land. Their happiness, however, was tempered by anxiety; the third ship, long overdue, had not yet arrived. It was well that they did not then know that she had gone down somewhere in the ocean and that every one on board had perished.

QUESTIONS. — Why did the priests desire to go to California? Why did they ask the king for permission? Why was the king eager that they should go? Who else went to hold the land for the king? Why was it necessary to take such abundant supplies?

Why was Father Serra so determined not to stay in Mexico? What kept him from giving up under difficulties?

## CHAPTER XII

### FOUNDING OF SAN DIEGO MISSION

July 16, 1769

THE expedition by sea suffered greatly. There were so many deaths on the voyage that there were not enough sailors left to man the two vessels that sailed into San Diego harbor just before the coming of the land party. The third ship had not yet arrived; and, as food soon began to be short, the *San Antonio* was sent back to Mexico for more supplies and for sailors to take the place of those who had died. Then Father Serra and Governor Portolá turned their attention to the real purpose of their trip, — the rediscovery of Monterey and the making of a settlement on the shores of its bay.

The expedition was to have been made by boat; but as the *San Antonio* had returned to Mexico, and it was not thought wise for the other vessel, the *San Carlos*, to leave San Diego, there was no other way but to march by land up the coast. Accordingly, the necessary baggage was loaded on mules, and the expedition, under the charge of Governor Portolá and accompanied by Father Crespi, started for Monterey.

Preparations were begun almost immediately for the founding of the mission at San Diego. It was the middle

of July. Father Serra looked around on his small company. Of the forty people remaining with him, eleven were Lower California Indians, who had been brought as servants; several were soldiers, sick, and in the pesthouse which had been built for them. In the valleys and foothills, were the savage Indians whom he had come to convert.

In spite of all discouragements and dangers, Father Serra's heart beat with joy. The letter which he wrote to Father Palou in Lower California expressed his delight with San Diego. He wrote of the valleys with their many trees, the wild grapevines, and the roses, "as sweet and fair as those of Castile." To the good father who had just come from the barren lower peninsula, and whose heart was full of glowing anticipations, everything seemed beautiful and promising.

Father Serra determined to start his mission immediately. It would have taken a long while to build a church, but one was not necessary for a beginning. July 16, 1769, the bells were swung in a tree, and a great wooden cross was raised. Around it were grouped the men of the little settlement; in the background, watching everything, were the Indians. Their dusky, stolid faces probably expressed little of the interest, surprise, and curiosity which they must have felt.

Father Serra raised his hands toward the blue heavens, and with that earnest voice of his spoke. He asked God to bless the rude cross which had just been raised; to bless the mission soon to be built. He prayed for help to put to flight all the hosts of evil in the barbarous land,

The first service at San Diego

and to bring into the church the Indians, still strangers to Christ. How solemn they all were! How Father Serra's heart swelled with hope and piety! How curious the Indians must have been as they lurked in the distance, watching this invasion of their home!

Then the hard work began. A number of huts were built. One of them was to be used as a church, the rest were to be lived in until better buildings could be provided. Weeks passed in this task, and the mission still lacked one thing, the most necessary of all. There were no converts. In Mexico and in the other missions founded later in California, Indians soon came into the mission life, but in San Diego many months passed before a single scholar was enrolled.

Although the curious, greedy natives would not live

at the mission, they visited it in large numbers, eager for the presents which the Spaniards gave them as long as they had anything to give away. They liked the beads and ornaments; they were always begging for cloth and pieces of rope, but they would not eat the white man's food. They knew that many sailors had died, and perhaps they thought that what they ate was poisonous. For many months they would not swallow anything given them by the Spaniards. Even if a lump of sugar were put into the mouth of a child, he was made to spit it out It was really fortunate that the Indians did refuse food, for provisions were becoming scarce. It was the long, dry summer season, when but few things grow in San Diego, and although the weeks stretched out into months, the ship *San Antonio* did not return with the expected supplies from Mexico.

The liking of the Indians for cloth and rope caused annoyance and even trouble. When the Spaniards had no more to give away, the savages eagerly watched their chance and stole anything of the kind they could lay their hands on. They even tried to steal from the *San Carlos*, which was still lying in the harbor. On their rude tule rafts they went up to the ship, so huge and strange in their eyes; they clambered up its sides, and started to carry off the ropes and to cut out large pieces of the sails. At last, to keep the ship from being carried off piecemeal, two of the eight sailors who were still alive had to sleep on board as a guard.

So bold had the Indians become that they laughed at the threats and promises of the Spaniards. At first the

report of the firearms had frightened them into running away; but Father Serra had said that the sailors were not to kill any Indian, and as the noise of the discharge did no harm, the savages laughed at it and were amused. Matters went from bad to worse. Knowing how many white people had died, and how few were left, the Indians lost all fear of either their number or their power.

Angry that so few presents were given them, and no longer afraid of the Spanish guns, the Indians planned to attack the white men. August 15, 1769, the Indians, seeing that some of the men were away on the *San Carlos*, armed themselves with war clubs and bows and arrows and broke into the mission. Their first act was to tear the sheets off the beds in the hospital, where four soldiers were lying sick. These men, weak as they were, threw on their armor, seized their guns, and hurried to the defense of the little village. The blacksmith and the carpenter had no armor, but they, too, rushed out against the Indians, the former crying as he ran, "Long life to the faith of Jesus Christ, and death to the dogs, its enemies!"

Father Serra and a second priest, Father Viscaino, remained in the hut used as a chapel. As they were priests they did not fight, but spent their time in praying for the safety of their friends and defenders. Father Viscaino grew anxious about the battle raging outside, and no wonder. At last, in his curiosity and fear, he could wait no longer to know how matters stood. Cautiously he raised the mat which did service for a door, and peered out. Quick as a thought, as if an Indian had been waiting for this very chance, an arrow flew toward him. It

struck his hand, making an ugly although not a dangerous wound. Dropping the mat door more quickly than he had raised it, the father went back to his prayers, and gave no more attention to the fighting outside.

Meanwhile, the four soldiers, the carpenter, the blacksmith, and two or three Indians from Lower California were defending the place desperately. At first the arrows of the Indians did little damage. Then one of the servants was shot, and rushed into the hut, to die at Father Serra's feet. The blacksmith and one of the soldiers were wounded; the priest's hand pained him seriously. But at last the Spanish firearms conquered. The Indians ran away, carrying their dead and wounded, and in a few moments all had disappeared.

It is interesting to learn what became of the wounded among the Indians. A few days after the attack they were brought to the mission to have their wounds treated. The savages had already learned that the fathers were kind and forgiving. A good beginning had been made for the great work that was to follow.

Not long after the attack on the mission Father Serra again had hopes of converts. He had been wanting to keep some of the Indian children at the mission, for he knew that they would learn faster than the older people, and would like better to stay with the white men. One Indian boy had been persuaded to remain with the Spaniards. He had been interested in watching their ways, and he had learned a little of the Spanish language. He could tell the suspicious natives what the fathers meant when they tried to talk to their savage visitors.

He explained to the Indians that Father Serra wanted a baby boy to keep at the mission. As he grew up he should be dressed like the white people, who would think of him as their brother; he should be taught the wisdom of the Spaniards, and be made a Christian. The Indians talked about it among themselves, and finally decided that the priest should have his wish.

One day an Indian came to the mission carrying a little boy. It was a strange sight, for the women always carried the babies, but this Indian was looking very serious. He was bringing the child as a present for Father Serra.

"He seized the child, and ran from the mission"

All around him were crowds of his companions. They were very quiet, and did not beg nor steal, as was their custom.

Father Serra was happier than he had been before in

San Diego. He looked around to see what he could do to show the Indians how glad he was. He knew what they liked, and therefore brought out a piece of bright-colored cloth, and threw it over the baby. Everything went well. All the Spaniards were grouped around to see the first baptism in Upper California. Father Serra stood clasping the shell in which was the holy water. His hand was raised for the ceremony. Suddenly an Indian, frightened by the solemn stillness and the strange ceremonies, sprang forward. He seized the child, still wrapped in the beautiful cloth, and ran from the mission. Away went all the other Indians, leaving Father Serra and his companions dumb with horror and amazement.

The soldiers were very angry, and wanted to start off hotly after the Indians and punish them without delay. Such a deed was an insult to the good father and to the church. Father Serra would not listen to their suggestions. He had common sense and prudence. He knew that to punish the savages would be to drive them away from the settlement and make enemies of them. He knew that he must be patient if he would bring them into the mission as friends. Besides, he realized that the Indians were afraid of magic, and he understood that to them the ceremonies and the water for baptism might have seemed like an evil charm about to be cast over the baby.

So Father Serra told the soldiers that they must not follow the Indians, but must wait until their savage neighbors could be won by kindness and their friendship secured. Very unwillingly they obeyed. The good priest

himself was so disappointed that the tears came into his eyes. Like the unselfish man that he was, he took the blame on himself.

"It is all because of my sins," said he; "if I were a better man, this would not have happened."

He still worked on, and waited for his Indian converts.

QUESTIONS. — What two reasons which probably would not exist to-day may be given for the sufferings on the trip by sea? Why was founding Monterey the important object of the expedition? Why should Father Serra have stayed in San Diego?

How could the priests induce the Indians to visit the mission? What unfortunate result followed? Why did not Father Serra wish the soldiers to fire on the Indians? What was gained with the Indians by a peaceful policy? When was this result shown? Was it the first result?

What part of the Indian nature is seen in the carrying off of the child that was about to be baptized? What traits of Father Serra's character were shown during those trying days?

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE SEARCH FOR MONTEREY BAY

WHEN Governor Portolá and Father Crespi started from San Diego to find Monterey Bay, they had in mind the description of that place written a century and a half before by Viscaino for the king of Spain. Viscaino had seen the bay in December and in the early part of January. The rains had washed from the trees their summer coats of dust, leaving them beautiful in their spring foliage. The hillsides were green with grass and bright with vast stretches of brilliant flowers. A clear river flowed to the sea, and streams of fresh water were found along the shore. But the early California spring, during which Viscaino had seen Monterey, was a season still unknown to the two explorers of 1769. Accustomed to the barrenness of Lower California, they saw, it is true, many of the beauties of the new country; but it was October, and they could not imagine the transformation which the autumn rains would cause. Consequently they made a strange mistake. They went directly to Monterey Bay, but they did not recognize it as the place for which they were looking.

The long, dry California summer had scorched the grass and bright flowers of which Viscaino had written. The

hills were yellow and barren. The river, instead of having an abundant supply of water, had shrunk to a tiny stream which the mission animals could drink dry. There was sand everywhere: long, seemingly endless dunes of it fronted the sea, and dreary reaches of its gray and whitish grains lay in the valleys between the yellow, rolling hills. To the weary Spaniards the region seemed like a desert, instead of the fertile country which they had expected and longed to find.

Moreover the harbor itself baffled them. Viscaino, sailing into it from a stormy ocean, had recognized in its quieter waters a harbor of safety. Portolá and Crespi, viewing it from the land, and comparing it perhaps with the landlocked bay of San Diego just left behind them, could hardly see a bay in the open expanse of water between the southern coast on which they stood and the distant headland far to the north. They could not imagine that the description left by Viscaino fitted at all the scene before their eyes.

They talked the matter over again and again. Some of the men thought this must be Monterey; others were sure it could not be; Portolá and Father Crespi were among the latter. The men hunted for some of the signs given in the old description, but could not find any that satisfied them. They thought that the bay must either lie still farther to the north, or that it had been filled up with sand during the long years which had passed since the visit of Viscaino. Governor Portolá became convinced that the whole expedition must be given up since Monterey Bay could not be found. Father Crespi was too disappointed

for words. He thought that Point Pinos looked like the headland mentioned by the earlier explorers, but even he did not believe that the right place had been found.

Before returning south it was decided to continue the search a little farther up the coast. The march was continued, and San Francisco Bay was really visited; but, not dreaming of the importance of their discovery, the Spaniards turned back to the smaller harbor which they could not believe was Monterey. At last, tired and discouraged, and nearly out of food supplies, they gave up their efforts, and started slowly back toward San Diego. Food was so scarce that they might have perished on the way had not the Indians proved friendly and furnished them with seeds, acorns, nuts, even wild fowl and fish. A little more than six months after starting on the northern journey the expedition came within sight of the low palisade which protected the camp and mission of San Diego.

In spite of the pleasure of the reunion, how sad must have been the day of the arrival! Neither party had good news. Father Serra could tell only of sickness, of the trouble with the Indians, and of the difficulty in getting converts. He himself was sick with scurvy. Father Crespi told of the long and fruitless march to the north. He said it was his belief that Monterey Bay no longer existed. He told of Governor Portolá's determination to waste no more lives in trying to settle California.

Father Serra listened in dismay. He heard Father Crespi and the soldiers talk of the bay which they had found; of the point covered with pines, projecting out into the ocean; of the creek, almost dry in its sandy

bed. He felt sure that this was Viscaino's bay of Monterey, and Captain Vila of the *San Carlos* thought so too. Father Crespi and Portolá said that it could not be or they should have recognized it.

Portolá's discouragement grew upon him. The *San Antonio* had not yet returned from Mexico with the supplies which were to keep the company from starving; and now that the two parties were together, food disappeared with alarming rapidity in San Diego. He feared that starvation was close before them. Finally, he declared that if the *San Antonio* did not come by the 20th of March, he would abandon California and return to Mexico.

Fathers Serra and Crespi listened in despair. Give up the work which they had begun! Forget the hard marches and the sufferings! Lose the results of what they had already done! Abandon the few Indians who were beginning to look with friendly eyes on the priests! They could not. They planned to stay if every one else went away. They talked with Captain Vila of the *San Carlos* until he promised that, if the others went, he would take the two priests on his vessel and make another search for Monterey.

Will the *San Antonio* come? Will she come in time? These thoughts never left the minds of the two priests The 19th of March came, and no vessel. Then the two fathers prayed for the coming of the ship. They wandered out on the hills overlooking the ocean. They watched every part of the horizon line. Hours passed. Afternoon came, and still no ship. The sun was sinking slowly into the sea. The two friends were watching it dis-

appear, when suddenly they saw a sight which brought back life and joy to each heart. There on the horizon, far away in the distance, was a sail. It must be the *San Antonio*, they said to each other; and so it proved to be.

When the ship finally came to anchor in the harbor, it was found that she brought not only food and new supplies of all kinds, but also a command for Portolá, that he should make all haste in founding settlements to hold California for Spain. All thought of deserting the mission was swept from the mind of the governor. Even Father Serra was not more eager than he to start north again in the search for the bay that the first expedition had failed to find.

Again an exploring party went north. Father Serra sailed on the vessel, and who could be discouraged when he was near? There was no doubt this time about the bay. It was spring, and there were the green hills, the pine trees, the rippling river, the deep pools of clear water, mentioned in the earlier description. Like Viscaino, Father Serra sailed into the harbor, and he recognized the outline more easily than could those on shore. The men hunted along the beach, and Father Serra was sure that he found the very tree described by Viscaino. He could not be mistaken. It was a large oak whose wide-flung branches hung down over the water; and when the tide came creeping in, the waves just swayed the ends of its sweeping branches. So convinced was Father Serra that this was the very place where mass had been said in 1602, that he, also, held service there.

The 3d of June, 1770, almost a year after the founding

of San Diego mission, was the day fixed for the beginning of the new mission of Monterey. Everybody was happy. No one could work fast enough. Preparations were quickly made. Branches were stretched as a shelter until a hut could be built, and later the church. The bells were hung in the trees and joyously rung. A cross was planted. The cannon and the muskets were fired. Hymns were sung. In his long priest's robes Father Serra blessed the founding of this new mission. In the joy of his heart, his face radiant with happiness, he forgot all the sufferings and discouragements of the past months.

Cross at Monterey

Governor Portolá was almost as delighted as Father Serra. When the church services were over, he called out the soldiers, and made ready to take civil and military possession of the land. The royal flag was planted; the sea breeze swept out its folds, and as it floated over him, Portolá called in a loud voice that all this country belonged now and always to Spain. Then the soldiers pulled grass, and picked up stones, and threw them. This was their

odd way, centuries old, of saying that everything which grew and all that was on the land belonged to Spain.

All that had been done for the church and the king was carefully written down on parchment. The news that Monterey had been found and a settlement started must be sent to Mexico, to be forwarded from there to Spain. Who would be the messengers?

On a day of such excitement the question was hardly necessary. Two men, a soldier and a sailor, sprang forward, ready to start on the long, dangerous journey. A few days later they set out to carry the good news to Galvez in the city of Mexico.

QUESTIONS. — What two reasons may be given for the failure to recognize Monterey Bay? Can any reason be given for the failure of the leaders to see the importance of San Francisco Bay? Why did the trip north and the return take so much time? What risks would Governor Portolá have taken by remaining at San Diego if the *San Antonio* had not returned? What two reasons may be given why Monterey was easily recognized on the second trip?

# CHAPTER XIV

## THE LAST DAYS OF FATHER SERRA

Scene in Southern California

FATHER SERRA was never idle. He taught the Indians who came to the mission to live; he helped in any of the work about the buildings; he planned new missions and founded them; he was constantly officiating at the services of the church, preaching, celebrating mass, baptizing, confirming. As his duties called him, he went from mission to mission, and once even to Mexico. It was slow and tedious traveling in those days, especially for one who, like Father Serra, was far from strong. More than once as he left a mission, its inhabitants felt that they had seen

him for the last time; but his will and love for the work kept up his strength.

With occasional absences, Father Crespi remained at Monterey until his death, and as he watched his friend and superior he realized that he was working far beyond his powers of endurance. He sometimes said so, but Father Serra always smiled and shook his head.

"I have come to California to save souls," would be his answer, as he kept on working.

One of his plans was to build a line of missions from San Diego to Monterey, and to prolong it, if possible, to San Francisco Bay. The missions were to be near enough together to serve as shelters on the long journey from one of these places to the other. He listened eagerly whenever priests, soldiers, or Indians told about beautiful valleys with fine trees, running water, and fertile soil. He always inquired if many Indians were near, for it would be useless to establish a mission where there would be no converts.

Fifteen years Father Serra labored in California. During that time he and the priests who were with him or who came to him from Mexico, founded nine missions. These were, besides San Diego and Monterey, San Antonio, San Gabriel, San Luis Obispo, San Juan Capistrano, San Francisco Dolores, Santa Clara, and San Buenaventura; some of which were later among the strongest and wealthiest of all the missions in California. He baptized and confirmed nearly six thousand people, the greater number of whom were Indians.

But Father Serra's life was nearly spent. The old wound on his leg still caused him most acute suffering;

he had worn himself out, not only by the hard journeys which he had frequently taken, but also by the severity of his religious life. Although Father Serra lived in the eighteenth century, in spirit he was a monk of the Middle Ages; like them he believed in punishing the body that he might make better his heart. He often scourged himself with a chain, baring his shoulders to the heavy blows; he held aloft heavy weights, at times with both hands at once; he burnt his breast by holding to it lighted tapers, doing this so often that the flesh did not heal over, and thereby bringing on himself one of the causes of his death. Such treatment was enough to kill a body already weakened by disease and overwork. We of to-day may not believe in such torments, but certain it is that if more men had the determination of purpose, the unselfishness of deed, and the purity of life shown by Father Serra, the world would be a better place to live in.

As the end drew near, in August, 1784, the good father longed to see his dearest friends. He wrote many farewell letters; one of them was to Father Palou, who for some years had been in Alta California, and who was at that time at the mission of San Francisco Dolores. No sooner did he receive the dying message of his beloved friend and leader than he hurried to Monterey. On his arrival he found Father Serra very weak. He was lying in his little room, or cell. He was suffering dreadfully, but he was cheerful. He had never complained while living; he would not complain now that he was dying.

The day before his death he wanted to go to church once more, and no one could persuade him to remain on

his bed. The mission church was only a few steps away, and with the help of some of those who loved him he dragged himself slowly to it. There he knelt and prayed for a long time, watched with tears by all the Spaniards in the settlement and by the Indians who loved him like a father.

After mass had been said, Father Serra was assisted back to his little cell. He could neither rest nor sleep. He could not lie down, but there were loving arms to hold him. The Indians begged for the privilege of supporting his wasted form. Rousing a little, the sick man turned to Father Palou, who never quitted his bedside.

"Bury me by the side of Father Crespi," he whispered.

Father Palou could scarcely speak for his tears; but he assured him it should be as he desired.

A few hours passed slowly to the watchers who were holding the dying man in their arms. At last Father Serra asked them feebly to lay him on his bed to rest. Gently they did so. Whispering to each other that he wished to sleep, they crept softly away.

Father Palou could not stay long. Coming quietly back, he pushed open the door of the cell. Father Serra lay stretched on his bed just as they had left him. He was indeed at rest in the sleep which knows no earthly awakening.

QUESTIONS. — What conditions prevented Father Serra from founding missions more rapidly? Why was he so beloved by the Spaniards? by the Indians? What are some of the influences which must have passed from his life into the mission system?

## CHAPTER XV

### LIFE AT THE MISSIONS

THERE had been two reasons for establishing missions in Alta California. One was to convert the Indians; the other was to hold for the church and for the king of Spain all the coast from San Diego to Monterey. Nineteen mis-

The Mission of San Diego

sions were soon flourishing near the ocean or a little inland; the most northern, on the bay of San Francisco, the most southern, on that of San Diego, the two best harbors in California. Later two other missions were founded north of San Francisco, but as they were to offset the

growing power of Russia, they belonged to an entirely different spirit from the one which gave rise to the institutions farther south.

The supplies for San Diego and Monterey were brought directly from Mexico by sea and by land; but whenever a new mission was founded, food, tools, and church articles were taken to the place from an older settlement by pack trains of mules. The planting of any one mission was very like that of all the others. A fertile spot was chosen not far from the ocean and near the trail from Monterey to San Diego. Usually it was also a beautiful place; for when the fathers located the mission they seem to have had an appreciative eye for fine scenery. Perhaps, as at San Diego, Santa Barbara, and Monterey, the mission looked out on one hand over the ocean, and on the other over the rolling hills and fertile valleys where, in a few years, the fathers pastured their flocks; perhaps, as at San Gabriel, San Luis Rey, and San Fernando, the hills cut off all the outlook to the ocean, and the eyes rested on the beautiful country soon claimed by the mission as its own.

When the place had been selected, the bells were swung in some convenient trees; a wooden cross was fastened together and elevated; an altar was built of brushwood, and a hut of the same to serve as a chapel until a church could be built. The priests in their long robes pronounced mass, the first service at the new mission; some one struck the bells; hymns were sung; for want of better music the soldiers fired off their guns, and if the ships were near, the cannon added their deeper tones to the music of the hour.

Sometimes, as at Monterey, the day was concluded with a feast. The next morning saw the beginning of the harder work of the founding.

At San Antonio, the first mission established after Monterey, Father Serra was so eager and excited that he could scarcely wait until the bells were unpacked and hung in a tree. Then he began to strike them with all his might, shouting out, "Come, O ye, gentiles; come to the Holy Church; come to the faith of Jesus Christ!" The priest who was with him looked on in amazement, for there were no Indians within hearing; but Father Serra kept on until he was tired. Then, turning to his companion, he said that he wished all the "gentiles," as the priests called the savage Indians, could hear him and be brought into the church. He had the same interest and delight in all the nine missions founded before his death.

El Carmelo, near Monterey

From the first day the priests planned how to get Indians to live at the missions. Often the savages knew nothing about the coming of the white men until the ringing of bells and the firing of guns went echoing across the plains and mountains. Startled by these new sounds, the natives ran curiously forward to learn what was happening. The guns might frighten them away, but peals from the bells,

music of the voices joined in singing hymns, and the
of fine robes worn by the priests during the services,
almost sure to bring them back in open-eyed surprise
admiration. When they had gazed and listened unti
first curiosity was satisfied, the priests tried other n
of keeping them or of inducing them to come again.
presents as Indians like were given them; food, too, i
could be spared from the mission stores. Pleased b

Mission of San Juan Capistrano

treatment, some stayed at the mission, and those who went away were sure to come again, bringing others with them for a share in the white man's pleasures. Lazy and always hungry, the Indians were glad to stay at the missions where food and clothing were given them. So the numbers grew; sometimes slowly as at San Diego, sometimes rapidly as at San Luis Rey.

When the Indians were once settled in their new life,

the fathers began to teach them some of the doctrines of the church and how to work. They first went slowly, for neither party had yet learned the other's language; but the results of their work soon began to show around the missions. The simple, stupid, but usually good-natured natives took kindly to their surroundings. They were more willing to work for others than for themselves, and they had such awe and respect for the fathers that they were usually obedient.

New mission buildings were soon begun. The brush hut that had at first done duty for a church must be replaced by something far better. Many of the fathers had lived in Europe, where they had seen beautiful cathedrals, and they wanted fine churches in California for themselves and the Indians. Warm, dry houses to live in must be built before the coming of the winter rains, and the Indians who came to the missions must be sheltered, even if only in their own kind of huts.

At no two missions were the buildings arranged just alike, but some parts in all of them were nearly the same. There was a great open square, the courtyard, around which were grouped the church, the residences of the priests, the rooms for the three or four soldiers who acted as guards, the workshops, and granaries. One or two large doorways opened into the interior of this court. If buildings did not extend around the whole of it, a high adobe wall finished out the square to serve as a protection in case of attack from Indians. At some of the missions, in the center of the courtyard was a fountain. The church, towering above all the other buildings, was on one corner.

Next to it were the rooms of the priests, at some missions small as cells, at others large and comfortable. These rooms, like the church, opened outside the court as well as inside; the former were fronted by a corridor, often very picturesque with its pillars and arches. The other buildings opened into the court. The dining room was next to the fathers' rooms. At San Carlos this was twenty by forty feet in size; the windows were grated and had heavy inside wooden shutters. Adjoining it was the kitchen with its big fireplace and chimney. Near by were the apartments for visitors. On the other side of the court were various shops. There was the place for the weavers where the looms were put up; shops for the carpenter, the blacksmith, the saddlers, the hatters; granaries; vats for tallow. Not far away were buildings for melting tallow, making soap, and, at some of the missions, for storing salt, butter, wool, and hides. At a little distance were the Indian quarters, a village of rudely made huts.

Adobe was the principal material used for building, although stone was used wherever it was abundant. Bricks could be made from the adobe clay, but as the priests knew little about its use, there were many efforts before they succeeded in forming those flat, heavy bricks, so familiar to all visitors at the mission ruins to-day. These bricks were only sun-baked, so they had to be made into walls several feet thick, and covered with a cement to keep them from softening in the rains.

Making the roofs gave the most trouble. At first they were covered with brush, straw, or reeds; but these would not keep out the rains, and after drying thoroughly, they

caught fire easily. Some of the missions had serious losses from the roofs burning, either by accident or from being set on fire by blazing arrows of hostile Indians. Adobe bricks were tried, but they were too heavy; or in some cases, when the heavy winter rains came, they washed back again into mud. A priest at San Luis Obispo determined that he would make roof tiles like those used in Europe. He did not know just how to go to work, and there was no one to teach him, but he tried again and again until he succeeded in making and burning tiles that answered his purpose. They were just what the rest of the missionaries wanted, and it was not long before they were in use at all of the settlements in Alta California.

These tiles were so heavy that strong rafters were needed for their support. At some of the missions it was easy to get large enough timbers, but at others there was not a good-sized tree for miles in every direction. There were plenty in the mountains, but the difficulty was in bringing them down. It was decided to set the Indians at this work, severe as it was. Some of the soldiers went into the mountains with a gang of neophytes, as the mission Indians were called. They showed the laborers how to cut and haul the trees, and made them work if they showed signs of stopping. Tall trees were brought back, but how we do not know. The timbers are in the mission roofs to-day, and the Indians brought them. But who can tell how hard they worked? Who knows whether they were patient beasts of burden for the Spaniards, or whether bitterness and hatred swelled in the hearts of these once free men? As they pulled and

hauled those tree trunks sixty and seventy miles, did they begin to ask themselves who had made the white men their masters?

When the trees were at the mission, another difficulty presented itself. There were no nails. But the Spaniards were equal to this also. After the rafters were brought into place, crosspieces were laid on them close together. These were bound fast to the heavy timbers by means of long strips of freshly cut rawhide, which shrank as it dried until the woodwork was held as tight as if fastened with nails. The roof was then ready for the tiles. These were the shape of a cylinder cut in half lengthwise. One layer was put on the crosspieces with the curved side down; a top layer was added with its curved side up and its edges in the troughs of the lower layers. At some of the best preserved missions there are still to be seen timbers bound together with the rawhide fastened around them more than a hundred years ago, and remnants of the tile roofs remain where they were placed or near the dilapidated walls.

The church was always the pride of the priests who planned it, and often of the neophytes whose hands helped build it. Those of San Luis Rey and San Juan Capistrano were the finest in all Upper California. The latter was destroyed by the severe earthquake of December, 1812, but the remains of the former are still to be seen. The church of Santa Barbara is of stone; it is a hundred and sixty feet long by sixty feet wide. It is still in use and is in good repair. The church had usually one or two towers in which hung the bells, the delight of the Indians

as well as of the fathers. The interiors were made as beautiful as possible. Pictures and statues were brought from Mexico and even from Spain with the greatest care; gold or silver plate was used. In decorating the church the fathers had to remember that they were living

A portion of San Juan Capistrano restored

with savages whose eyes were pleased with bright-colored hangings and shining plate, and the good priests tried to please the tastes of the Indians; but for churches in the wilderness, so many weeks' travel from civilization, it is a wonder that they were so well made and decorated.

The little village of Indian huts contrasted strangely with the adobe walls and buildings of the Spaniards. In the early days of mission life the huts were made of tules, or of poles tied together at the top and covered with grass or reeds; or they were made in any way to

which the Indians were accustomed. As more savages came, the village was made larger until at some of the missions it numbered several hundred huts. These were for the families only; there was always a hall or dormitory for the youths and another for the girls. At San Carlos, as late as 1786, the Indians still lived in their wretched huts, but often the fathers rebuilt the Indian quarters as soon as the more important structures were finished. This was done at San Luis Rey; and at Santa Barbara the Indian village was inclosed by an adobe wall, so that it was as well protected as the rest of the buildings.

Near the low, irregular mission buildings were the orchards and kitchen gardens; a little farther away were the fields of grain, and then the pastures for the herds began. As soon as there were Indians enough to do the work, the garden and orchards were often inclosed by an adobe wall or a hedge of prickly-pear cactus. The fields swept over the plains, rich valleys, and foothills, wherever there were fertile places. The land claimed by any one mission might be thirty or forty square miles, and when all the nineteen missions had been founded from San Diego to San Francisco, the claim was sometimes made that the land of one mission touched that of the next. Thus nearly all the fertile land along the coast was owned or controlled by the missions, or, as the priests said, it was held by them in trust for the Indians.

For a year or two after the founding of San Diego and Monterey, food was sent up by ship from Mexico. But as the vessels might be even months later than was expected, the people at the missions were several times brought to

the verge of starvation. As the Indians increased in numbers, it became impossible to bring food enough for all from Mexico. Every effort was made to raise grain and vegetables, and as the herds became larger, there was meat also to eat.

More than once in the early years, the fathers had to ask for acorns, grass seeds, and pine nuts. Then the Indians went out and filled their deep, cone-shaped baskets with whatever they could find. Returning home, they pounded out the meal and baked bread as in the days when they roamed at will, thus saving the people at the mission from starvation. At some of the missions it was always a custom to let the neophytes go out to gather nuts and seeds at the proper seasons. The Indians were fond of them for food, and their use saved some of the mission stores. At San Diego, whenever dry seasons destroyed the crops, the Indians were sent out into the mountains to hunt food in their old way as best they might.

The fathers soon saw that if they were to have good crops, they must irrigate some of their land. Here was more hard work for the Indians. Miles of irrigating ditches were dug, and thousands of acres watered by the streams they brought. At Soledad there were fifteen miles of these ditches; at Purisima the streams from many small springs were brought together into one flume, and a supply of delicious water was always to be depended on at that mission. Irrigation was a necessity for all the missions.

The fathers liked to walk around their gardens, and well they might. Peaches, pears, pomegranates, oranges,

limes, citrons, dates, figs, grapes, all grew freely. Wheat, maize, beans, barley, were raised in abundance after the missions were once well started. When Americans first came to California they were surprised to see such a wealth of good things to eat.

Day after day passed in much the same way at the missions, but every day was a busy one. La Perouse, a French traveler who visited San Carlos in 1786, left an

Ruined fountain at the Mission of San Fernando

account of what he saw there; with a few exceptions the description would apply to any mission. At sunrise the whole place was astir. The church bells soon rang, and everybody spent an hour at prayers. Then came break-fast of atole, a porridge made of barley. During the hour for prayers this was cooked in three great boilers from which all the Indians were served. Each family ate by

itself; from every hut came some one with a bowl made of the bark of a tree; into it was put the family supply of porridge, which was taken away and eaten at home. The unmarried ate in their halls. During the forenoon all the men and women worked in the fields or shops. Any day of the year girls could be seen in the courtyard spinning. At noon the church bell rang again; work stopped and dinner was eaten. This, too, was of porridge, but made this time of peas, beans, wheat, and maize. Everybody worked again until about five in the afternoon; then came another hour for prayers at the church, followed by supper. Again porridge was served, made of barley as in the morning. The evening was short, for all went to bed in good season in order to be up with the next morning's sun.

As one writer says, there was plenty to eat, but it was always porridge. Three times a day the great boilers were heated, and the wooden bowls filled; the only difference in their contents being the grain used. Large as the herds of animals became, fond as the Indians were of meat, it was seldom given them, — according to La Perouse, only on saints' day, and then it was often eaten raw with pieces of fat as the choicest morsels. Some of the missions, however, gave the Indians meat once a week. Every Friday some of the vaqueros, or herdsmen, went out to the herds, separated out twenty or thirty cattle, and drove them into a corral. Saturday morning they were lassoed, and brought out one by one to be killed and divided. The Spaniards selected whatever pieces they wished, and what was left was given to the neophytes as their share for the coming week. No matter what the

amount, it rarely lasted the Indians longer than over Sunday and Monday, for they feasted on it with their savage gluttony as long as any scraps were left.

Once baptized, the Indian belonged to the church; his days of freedom were over. He was under orders as to the time of getting up in the morning, eating his meals, going to church. With all the longing of his nature, the Indian looked at the thousands of horses around him; but he must not ride unless he were a vaquero, or a cattle herder, for with a horse under him he might escape. He must not leave the settlement without permission from the fathers; and this was rarely given him lest he should return to his gentile friends, and be lost to the church.

Nearly all the work of the missions was done by the Indians, who learned quickly the simple trades. As new neophytes came, they were taught by the priests, by Spaniards sent to California for that purpose, or by Indians who had already become good workmen.

They cultivated fields, herded animals, built houses, spun wool, and wove the coarse cloth used at the missions and by some Spaniards in California. They were cooks, tailors, hat makers, shoemakers. They learned to make saddles and to stamp the leather used. They made ox-horn cups, softening the horn by soaking, shaping it over wood, and engraving it with a common nail. In many of these crafts the neophytes became skillful, satisfying the simple wants of the mission days. In short, the Indians who had been so lazy in the wilderness did all kinds of work for the priests; but it must be remembered that the fathers planned it all for them, showed them how to do it, and

sent overseers with them to be sure that all directions were obeyed. They knew that the Indians were like children. Left to themselves they would not and did not work; but under the constant training and watching of the few soldiers, the priests, and the Spanish workmen at every mission, they did almost everything. So complete and sudden a change in the lives of savages could not be made

Court and arches at San Luis Rey

without some evil effects. One of these showed itself after a few years in the large number of deaths among the neophytes.

For convenience in working and in training, the Indians were divided into small companies or gangs of workmen, each with its overseer. A trusted Indian was often put into this position, and by bearing responsibilities he usually became still more capable. If all the neophytes had shared in the responsibilities of the missions, they would

have reasoned better, would have gained more self-control, and the history of the missions and of the Indians of California would have been wonderfully changed.

They went to church two hours of the day and the fathers taught them a short catechism. It was not an education of the mind; it was more like teaching a parrot or a monkey or a dog. The lesson was said over and over until the Indians could repeat portions. As it was not in their language they could not understand what they were saying, but could only repeat names and words that came often in the service. If they were slow in learning, or made many mistakes, they might, perhaps, be punished like an animal, by being cuffed or beaten. If the lesson were well done, they were rewarded by some favorite morsel to eat, or by a holiday. An extra portion of grain was a reward. It could be ground and made into a cake to be baked in the ashes. The porridge, which, in cooking, thickens at the bottom of the boiler, was scraped out and given to some child to repay some well-learned catechism.

This was all the teaching that the Indians received. They picked up a few Spanish words, but were never carefully taught the language. On this ignorance was built up the immense system of Indian labor at the missions, and an unsafe foundation it proved to be. Such training did not change the savage nature, which made itself felt on many occasions.

Since the Indians were in many ways like overgrown children, it is not surprising that they had to be punished. This was usually done by giving a few lashes on the bare back, but in later years punishments became more cruel.

As more and more Indians came to the missions, the number of little offenses and annoyances increased, and the whip was in daily use. During the first thirty or thirty-five years of mission life everybody, man, woman, and child, took his whipping as good-naturedly as could be expected. The Indians knew that they deserved to be punished, and they had great respect for the priests, who were like fathers toward them. So, after the punishment was ended, they kissed the priest's hand and went back to work with no hard feelings in their hearts. Later there will be a different and a sadder story to tell.

Bells of San Gabriel

Although the Indians worked hard and were under strict discipline, they were given many amusements. On Sundays there was no work. They went to church three or four more hours than usual, but the rest of the day was free for games or idleness. Sometimes on Saturday evenings there was dancing, and there were many opportunities for fun and pleasure. On great occasions, such

as the visits of a governor or some noted man from abroad, the priests helped plan the entertainment. One of the most important for such an occasion was a mock battle according to savage customs. Painted as in olden times, decked out with feathers such as they had gloried in before the coming of white men, the Indians played at a battle between angry villages. But it was only a show, and, at the end, the bows and arrows and war clubs were brought back to the priests. They might have proved dangerous weapons if left in the hands of the Indians. The old games, such as "takersia" and driving the wooden ball to the enemy's base, were often played, and there seems to have been no new one to take their places.

One of the new pleasures that came to the Indians was the music learned for the church. They were taught to use several instruments, and they played with equal gusto whether at mass in the morning or at a ball in the evening. Celebrations at the church were brilliant days, dear to the Indian musicians. Near the priests in their ceremonial robes were the Indians of the choir in bright-colored dress. Thirty or forty, or for great occasions even a hundred, men and boys took part. They played the viol, violin, flute, trumpet, and drum; and the voices of all joined in singing the hymns. An Indian of Santa Clara is mentioned who possessed a tenor voice which filled the church and delighted all who heard it. It is true that the music was not always in perfect harmony, but as the instruments used by the Indians were usually also made by them, it is not surprising that there were many discords in their playing.

The religion taught by the priests did not go deep enough to root out all the superstition of the Indians. Who could expect that it would in one generation? We may be sure that even the best and brightest of the mission Indians could not quite escape from the weird and fascinating magic of the savages, as they heard it whispered among their parents and grandparents.

They believed that on dark nights the fore feet of a horse could be so paralyzed by an owl that the animal could not travel. They watched with all the absolute credulity of the savage a sorcerer swallow a fiber from a

Mission of Santa Barbara

plant and pull it out of his big toe as a snake. When sick, they often preferred their native medicine men, for they believed in their ways of treatment rather than in the doses given by the priests.

At Santa Barbara many Indians were dying from a

disease which it seemed impossible to check. While it was raging, one of the neophytes dreamed that all the baptized Indians would die unless they made sacrifices to Chupu. Now this Chupu, or Achup, was a god of the Indians living on the channel, and the priests had long been struggling to make the Indians give him up. But the neophyte who had dreamed of Chupu believed in his power to save from death. Secretly he told his dream to his friends, they passed it on to others, and in less than an hour it was known to all the mission Indians. It was death for any one to tell it to the priests, who therefore remained in ignorance of all the fears and superstitions trembling around them. Unknown to the fathers, the Indians went to Chupu, offered sacrifices as commanded in the dream, and declared themselves no longer Christians. Whether the epidemic was checked is not recorded, but for a time the old superstition was far stronger than the new religion.

Visitors were always welcome at the missions. The guest rooms were ready, the dining room was large, food was abundant. When Father Serra's plan had been carried out, and the nineteen missions had been founded from San Francisco to San Diego, they were about a day's travel of thirty miles apart. The traveler could leave one in the morning and arrive at the next in good season for a night's meal and rest. There was no need to ask for food and shelter, they were ready for any one. As the horseman rode up to the gate of the courtyard he was met by an Indian lad who came forward to take his horse. If a meal hour were not near, chocolate and some light

refreshments were offered to stay the appetite until dinner could be served. The table was supplied with the best from the gardens, orchards, and herds. Perhaps, in obedience to his vows, the priest ate sparingly; but the visitor was expected to do justice to whatever was on the table. In the morning a fresh horse was brought to take the place of the tired one ridden the day before; or the horseman might take his pick from the herds. A bountiful luncheon was provided, and, if necessary, a guide to the next mission. Should the visitor decide to stay a week instead of only over night, he did not wear out his welcome.

The usual visitors were from Mexico or they were Californians, such as the governor or military commander of the province, soldiers or priests, going from one mission to another. There were many of them, and probably a week or even a day rarely passed without one or more guests to share the hospitality of the mission. By this means the distance from San Diego to San Francisco was covered easily and almost without expense to the traveler.

Occasionally some ship's captain or traveler or explorer from the distant countries of Europe or America cast anchor in one of the bays and visited the missions. These were pleasant occasions for the priests, giving them glimpses into the world so far away from them. In the accounts of some of these men, as La Perouse of France, Vancouver of England, and Alfred Robinson of the United States, is to be found our most valuable information of conditions at the missions. It would have been useless and discourteous for such visitors to offer money in pay-

ment for the lavish hospitality which they had enjoyed; but the fathers gladly accepted gifts for the church.

La Perouse, who was in California in 1786, sent the priests at San Carlos some presents which proved valuable. These were some potatoes and some seeds of French plants, prized additions to the kitchen garden; and a handmill for grinding grain into flour. Up to this time there had been no mills in California; the Indian women pounded or crushed the grains in their mortars or on metates; some of them were kept grinding constantly to supply meal for the porridge for hundreds of Indians three times a day. Strange as it may seem, the fathers at San Carlos did not make much use of this mill. They said that it ground out the meal too rapidly and left the women nothing to do. They knew that it was necessary to keep the Indians busy.

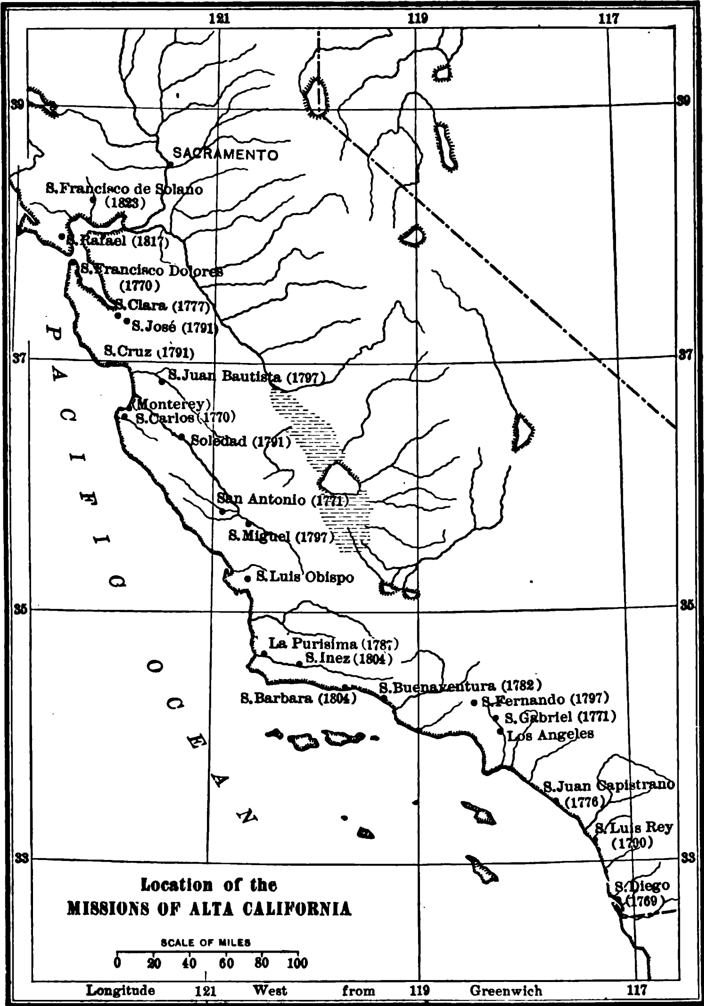
QUESTIONS. — What kind of a place was selected for a new mission? What supplies were taken? What men must stay at the new settlement?

What two reasons can be given for the Indians learning more readily to work than to understand the religion of the fathers?

Who did the work at the missions? Were there many Spaniards there? What was usually their part in the work? Was there any reason for keeping the Indians so busy?

What caused the affection between the fathers and the natives? In what three ways, at least, did the Indians improve by their life at the missions? Can any reason be given why they may have been unhappy at times? What were the fathers trying to do for them?

What was the probable feeling of strangers toward the missions?



Location of the
MISSIONS OF ALTA CALIFORNIA

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE SLAVERY OF THE MISSIONS

WHEN, in 1769, the priests were allowed to come to California to establish missions, it was with the understanding that they should teach the Indians to take care of themselves so that they could be made citizens. The missions were in existence sixty-five years, from 1769–1834, but they failed in this object desired by Spain and later by Mexico. Thousands and tens of thousands of Indians were taken into the church at the various missions along the coast, but very few of the neophytes reached the point where they could safely have been made citizens.

There were several reasons for this failure of the missionaries to do what was expected of them. Tribes of savages cannot, in sixty years, be changed into a civilized people; centuries are needed for such a change. The Californian Indians were naturally very stupid and, worse yet, lazy both in mind and body; their stupidity might have been educated out of them or their children, as is shown by many honest, fairly intelligent laborers to-day, but with most of the savages the laziness seemed to cling to the very marrow of their bones. A third reason was that none of the teaching led the Indians to think or act for themselves; every act was planned for them. It was the

policy of the missions to train obedient, industrious, child-like servants of the church, and the early missionaries succeeded remarkably; but they did not educate thinking, reasoning, questioning men and women. As years passed, this policy of training the body without developing the mind had a most unfortunate result, unexpected, probably, by the missionaries themselves: it brought about what has

Mission of San Gabriel

been called the slavery of the missions. This means simply that the neophytes were not their own masters, nor were they capable of being so; they belonged to the church and were ruled by the priests.

In the later years of missions this condition became unbearable to the Indians and to all thinking, sympathetic Spaniards both in and out of the missions; but in the early days it was a pleasant relation on both sides. The fathers taught the Indians and took care of them in many

ways, giving them a fairly happy life; in return, the neophytes loved and served the priests.

Father Serra was beloved by the Indians of San Carlos where his work was done. Father Peyri, of San Luis Rey, was devoted to his neophytes and they to him. Vancouver, an Englishman who visited California in 1793, tells of the strong affection of the Indians of Santa Barbara for their priest. He offered to take the missionary home from a visit to another mission. The Indian servants could not be accommodated on the ship, and for some reason they began to suspect that the priest would not be safe. They begged him not to return by water. Breaking out into cries and entreaties, they insisted that they knew he would not reach home in safety. To their distress he embarked, and their moans and tears redoubled as he left them on the beach. When the voyage was at an end, Vancouver saw a new proof of affection on the part of the Indians.

It was early in the morning when he and the father walked over to the mission. By some means the Indians learned of the approach of the priest, and came quickly to meet him. The road was soon filled with neophytes, who crowded forward, expressing in many ways their affection for the father and their joy at his safe return. At first, Vancouver thought that the great numbers coming toward them were attracted only by curiosity, but he was soon convinced that nothing but love for the missionary had caused the neophytes to come out so early in the morning.

A number of such incidents might be given, showing the affection between the fathers and the Indians. There

can be no question about the earnestness and sincere intentions of the priests. They braved all the hardships of life in a new country in their honest desire to improve the condition of the Indians. They did not doubt that they were taking the right way to accomplish their object. They must not be judged by the standards of to-day nor of our country. They were Spaniards; they lived in the eighteenth century; and Spain at that time was behind the rest of the world. They believed that the Indians had no need to think for themselves, but that they should be guided in everything; that their happiest life was to do just what the church told them and in just the way the church directed. The priests stood for the church in the lives of natives, consequently it was the priests who were to be obeyed. If the Indians disobeyed they must be punished for their own good, since it might help bring them into a happier life. With all the fanaticism of Spaniards of their day the missionaries labored to

Stairway to choir, San Gabriel

teach the natives. They were earnest and genuine, and many of them were kind and affectionate. There are few men of to-day who would be willing to undergo the hardships, discouragements, and isolation, so bravely and cheerily met by the priests of Alta California. Nevertheless, their system was touched by the blight and decay which fell upon everything that Spain tried to do in the New World. Out of the very enthusiasm of the missionaries grew the enslavement of the Indians.

The mission era from 1769 to 1834 divides naturally into two periods. The first covers about forty years, from the foundation to the early part of the next century, somewhere about 1810. This has been called the "era of calm"; the second, from near the first of the century until the downfall of the missions, was a period of resistance.

During the first era the Indians were slowly learning family life, obedience, and industry, the first three steps out of savagery. They were often punished by the priests, there were many runaways and some uprisings on the part of the Indians; but none of these difficulties seems to have grown out of hatred toward the priests or resistance to the mission life. They were the natural results of trying to teach savages. There was only one serious rebellion, that at San Diego in 1775, when the mission was burned, four of its people killed, and three wounded, — a serious loss where there were so few white people. Ordinarily life passed quietly and as happily as could be expected for missionaries and neophytes. After the first two or three years of struggling for a beginning,

the number of Indians who came into the missions increased steadily. There were marriages, births, and deaths, pleasure and suffering, joy and sadness, very much as in any other condition of life; and the missions grew rapidly in wealth. But as the "era of calm" drew near its close, matters changed for the worse.

Perhaps this change was due to the fact that during the first period the priests who had come from Mexico when the project was new, were still at work among the Indians. Their interests in the Indians were many and genuine, and they treated the simple natives with a fatherly affection. In the second period the Indians had sunk into the condition of slaves. They were herded to their work like animals, almost anything was thought good enough for their food and clothing, and they were punished frequently and severely. Several new priests had come from Mexico to take the place of the older ones who had died or been obliged to leave California; they looked with less and less interest on the stupid neophytes, until they began to regard them as made only to do the work of the missions, — to be punished if they did not, and to be caught and brought back if they tried to run away from their hard tasks. It is not strange, perhaps, that from being always with the savages, the new missionaries came to look on them as hopelessly weak, and that a species of slavery became established in every mission, more or less severe according to the nature of the priests.

In this second period, the fatherly punishments of earlier days gave way to those given less sympathetically. There was more frequent use of the stocks and of leg

irons for runaways; imprisonments were common. Not a day passed without some punishments, and usually there were many. The whippings had at first been only a few lashes; but as years passed, the floggings became very severe. More cruel whips were used; men, and in some cases women also, were whipped in public, and their cries and screams, together with the sight of their sufferings, wakened fear and hatred among their fellows. It is probable that, by seeing the whip used every day, the missionaries had become hardened without knowing it, and increased the number of lashes without realizing how much they were also increasing the sufferings of those punished. The Indians, under this harsh treatment, grew sullen, restless, and dangerous. Runaways were so frequent that it became a common practice to send out hunting parties to bring them back. These were usually of soldiers, but trusted Indians were also used to hunt out the fugitives. Punishments for runaways were made more

A wood carrier

and more severe, but still the more savage as well as the more intelligent Indians would take the risks rather than endure life at the missions. Some of the less daring spirits vented their hatred in attempts to poison the priests or set fire to the mission buildings. Every offense of this kind tightened the bonds of the Indians and widened the breach between them and the white people. The missions were not succeeding in educating citizens, but they were stirring up the spirit of opposition and revenge.

These conditions became a scandal to the church, deeply regretted by all priests and laymen who had the best interests of the missions at heart. As De Neve, one of the early governors of the province, said, such treatment could not elevate the Indians, could not educate their manliness. From 1794 to 1800, the governor of the Californias was Borica, a high-principled man, determined in his efforts to better affairs in the province. He proved himself a friend to the Indians, and in all that he did for them he was ably seconded by several missionaries, especially by Father Fernandez. Borica insisted that the brutal floggings should cease, that the neophytes should be well fed and clothed, and that they should not work as hard as had come to be the case. While he was governor the Indians received better treatment, for he was known to be earnest in his demands; but when he returned to Mexico, the Indians were again used as harshly as before.

During the second period of mission life there were many outbreaks on the part of the Indians; and the Spanish Indian fighter, Moraga, had his hands full in

quelling revolts at different places from San Diego to San Francisco. In 1824 there was said to be a plot to kill off all the white people, in order that the Indians might get back the right to their land and to their own liberty. But all the risings were put down before there was serious injury to any mission. The Indians found expression for their hatred in other ways, more secret and dangerous. At Santa Cruz a priest was murdered; once or twice food was poisoned; fear and suspicion were felt at all the missions. The desperate struggles of the Indians were of no use; but interference in their condition was coming from another direction. The government of Mexico was about to secularize the missions.

QUESTIONS. — What did Spain expect the fathers to do for the Indians? What three difficulties prevented the priests from doing it? (See text.) Can any means be suggested by which the first difficulty might have been overcome? the second? the third?

Why were the fathers unable to overcome the first difficulty? the second? the third?

How would the Indians be helped toward civilization by learning family life? obedience? industry? How would these lessons help them to become good citizens?

Did the Spaniards approve of the way in which the Indians were treated? Did the church approve? did all the priests? did the governors?

What did the unhappy life of the Indians lead them to do? What did the government of Mexico decide to do about the missions?

## CHAPTER XVII

### SECULARIZATION

FOR more than sixty years the missions did their work, and then, like a gray-haired old man whose life has been spent, they passed away. Their death blow came to them from Mexico. It had been long expected, but it was none the less unwelcome to the missionaries. This end of the Spanish missions is known as secularization; that is, giving over to the state what had belonged to the church. The missions were to have made citizens of the Indians; Mexico now claimed that this was accomplished, and that the Indians should no longer belong to the church, but should be given over to the state.

The priests knew that the Indians were far from ready to take care of themselves, and that if turned over to the state, all the work and wealth of the missions would be lost. How much reason they had for these fears a few years showed.

Somewhere about 1828 the Indians learned of the plan. This was unfortunate, for the Mexican government worked so slowly that some years passed without changes, and the Indians became restless, troublesome, and dangerous. They would not obey the fathers. In some cases they refused to work. Runaways were more frequent, and

large numbers of horses and cattle were stolen from the mission herds. Some of the more intelligent southern Indians demanded a share in land and animals, and the right to take care of themselves.

In 1834 the law went into effect. As Mexico intended that the Indians should support themselves, some of the mission animals were divided among them. The priests had always claimed that the land belonged to the Indians, and that the church held it in trust for them. So they were now allowed to stay on the mission estates, where it was the plan that every Indian should have a certain portion of good land given him for raising fruits and vegetables. They were to be given seeds and farming tools, and were to obey the orders of the general government in Mexico instead of those of the priests. The missionaries were still to teach them in religious matters, but in all else the Indians were to consider themselves free from the men who had been their own and their fathers' masters and leaders in even the smallest details of life. In short, small Indian states were to be formed at every mission.

Perhaps in all history there has been no better illustration of how impossible it is to make a nation suddenly. These low, brutish natives had been under the care of the priests for more than sixty years. Children had grown to manhood in the shadow of the missions; they had been taught many useful crafts; but they were still wholly unable to take care of themselves. As soon as the guidance of the priests was removed, their old laziness came back; only a few could plan their work or act as leaders; they took no thought of the future. They were

far from ready to be left to themselves, as Mexico soon found out.

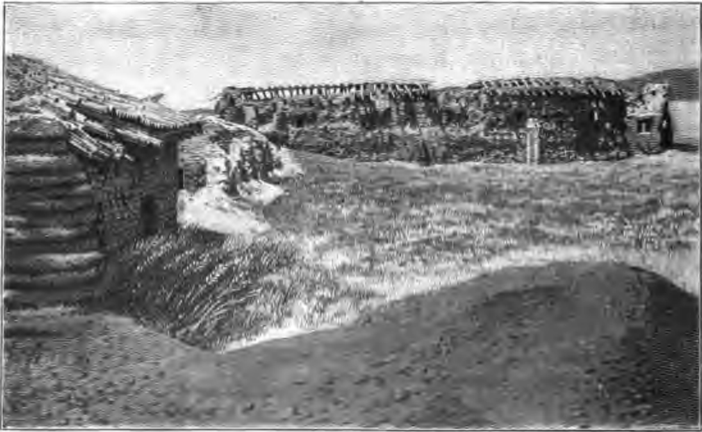
The intention of the government was good enough in itself; and to the Mexicans, several hundred miles away, the plan looked very promising. But it proved to be the destruction of the missions, and a deathblow to the little civilization which had been gained by the Indians.

For some years the missionaries had known that the law must surely come. Despairing of receiving any return for all their time and labor, they determined to act before the text of the law could reach them from Mexico. At some of the missions, a slaughter of the cattle was ordered, or the right sold to some outsider. Only the hides were of value, and so the bodies were left to rot. Around the wealthy San Gabriel mission the sight was especially harrowing. The ground was strewn with the carcasses of animals, and for years the plains for miles around were whitened by the bleaching bones.

Rapidly the missions and the system of caring for the Indians fell into ruin. Some of the priests returned to Mexico or Europe; the Indians were scattered, the animals killed or taken by strangers or left to run wild; the gardens and orchards were overrun by weeds and underbrush, and thousands of acres were claimed by newcomers. A description of San Carlos in 1840, only six years after secularization, speaks of the mission as deserted. The once busy courts and Indian quarters were overgrown with grass, the looms were silent, the shops were closed, the once open doors of the church were locked, and only a few Indian huts were left near the

group of now gloomy buildings. Where all had been life and action there was only solitude.

The last event in the history of the missions may be said to have occurred in 1845. Pio Pico, the governor, issued a proclamation which was intended to close up the affairs of the missions of Alta California. Five of the missions and the estates belonging to them, besides parts



Ruins of San Fernando

of four others, were to be sold; four were to be rented to the highest bidders; the remaining six were also to be rented as soon as their affairs could be straightened out legally.

The missions as a part of the active life of Alta California were dead. They passed out of existence, and the streams of the new life in California flowed over their ruins with hardly a ripple to tell of what lay beneath

The only people who were seriously affected by their destruction were the Indians.

The mission Indians seemed to dwindle out of existence, to melt away into nothingness. Where there had been hundreds and even thousands of neophytes, they were soon to be counted only by tens. In 1839, at San Luis Rey, five hundred were left; at San Juan Capistrano, about

Interior of ruins of San Fernando

eighty, in each case about an eighth of the former number. Similar conditions prevailed at all the missions. The few who were left complained bitterly of the treatment given them by the officers sent out by the government. They said that they were crowded off the best lands of the old mission estates; food was rarely given them; and they were in such rags that some of the women had been obliged to make and wear tule skirts like those worn by the savages. They were flogged for every little

offense, and far more cruelly than in the days of mission life.

Those of the neophytes who stayed near the missions, trying to adapt themselves to the new life, were usually men and women grown old under the call of the well-known bells. They could not go out again into the wild mountains to live as the savages of their own race must live; so, in their poverty and helplessness, they lived on near the old homes, or hid somewhere away from the curious, unsympathetic white men. Robbed of their share of the horses and cattle, deserted by the younger people, many of them too old or too weak to work, they dragged out the remnant of their wretched lives.

By 1845 the condition of the few remaining Indians at all the missions may be pictured by those who still clung to their homes at San Francisco Dolores. Eight old Indians were then living there, poor, ragged, hungry, deserted, too old to work, dependent on the bits of charity that occasionally found a way into their hands.

Some who did not wish either to stay at the missions or to go into the mountains tried to take part in the life around them. Some of the women married white men. They were frequently very capable both at home and in business, and a few of them entered excellent families. These women were probably the happiest of their race. Other neophytes became servants among the Spaniards; some were well treated; some were kept against their wills, having foolishly sold themselves to a year or more of service in return for some trifle which had pleased their fancy for a moment. Still others loitered around in the

towns and villages; there they were liable to yield to the constant temptation of gambling and drinking, and so they sank quickly to the lowest levels of society.

Many wandered off to the mountains among the "gentile" Indians. When they found that they no longer had to obey the missionaries, their old laziness reasserted itself, and with it came a delight in their freedom. The officers of the government, sent to take care of them for a time, remonstrated because they would not plow or sow. "They

"Many wandered off to the mountains"

cried as with one voice, 'We are free. It is not our pleasure to obey. We do not choose to work.'"

These wanderers killed the few cattle given them by the state, and they were not always particular to spare those which belonged to others. The hides were sold, and the

flesh eaten. They drove off the horses to the mountains, not leaving enough for the few Indians who stayed around the missions to cultivate their land. Nothing could induce those who thus went away to return. They usually took with them all the evil habits learned from the white people; for it is a pitiable fact that when savages come in contact with a more civilized race they are at first influenced most strongly by the vices of their superiors.

Such Indians as these were a constant menace to the Spaniards and Americans. They stole horses and cattle which were left unguarded, until it became necessary to send out parties of armed men to hunt them down. The taste for wine and brandy, learned among the Californians, made them quarrelsome and killed off many. Very different were these horse thieves and marauders from the peaceful, trusting natives who had welcomed the explorers when they first came to the shores of the Pacific. The coming of the white men had brought destruction to the Indians.

Lest the picture be thought too dark, it must be remembered that many of the Indians of to-day, descendants, perhaps, of the neophytes, have become honest, sturdy laborers, showing unmistakably that there was in the race an ability to rise above the condition in which the missions found them or left them. The missionaries, also, deserve much credit. We may blame them for having kept the natives in a dependent state; but in the end we must respect the priests for the earnestness of their lives and efforts, and we must praise them for the wonders which they did perform.

Nevertheless, the few ruinous churches and the heaps of adobe bricks to be seen here and there in California are sad reminders of a failure. The priests had tried to hold the country for Spain, and it passed into the hands of strangers. They had tried to convert the Indians to Christianity, and, in the end, only a few kept the faith which they had been taught. They had shown the ignorant natives how to clothe themselves, and how to make everything for their simple needs; and their descendants went back into the wilderness, where they were glad to accept the cast-off garments of their white neighbors. The priests had tried to teach them some forms of civilized life, and when the mission system went to pieces, the most striking traits of character in the Indian's nature were thievery and drunkenness.

With the desertion of the Indians, and the sailing of the fathers, the missions were given over to decay. The adobe buildings needed constant care, and when left to themselves quickly fell to pieces. Here and there, a crumbling ruin may still be seen, overlooking the valleys and hills where once its grain flourished and its cattle pastured; but the gray adobe ruin is tottering to its fall, like a conquered, forgotten monarch who failed in his efforts to wear his crown.

QUESTIONS. — What life was planned for the Indians after secularization? By whom was this plan made? How did it agree with the intention of the king of Spain when the priests first came to California? Did the priests think that secularization would be carried out? What reasons did they have for this belief?

Had the Indians shown any progress in the mission life? Do you know anything about the present condition of the Indians in California?

## LIST OF MISSIONS

### WITH DATE OF FOUNDING

In the early period of mission activity nineteen missions were founded; later, two more were established north of San Francisco Bay, something in the nature of outposts against the Russians.

| | |
|---|---|
| San Diego | June 16, 1769. |
| San Carlos | June 3, 1770. |
| Removed to the Carmel River in 1771. | |
| San Antonio | July 14, 1771. |
| San Gabriel | September 8, 1771. |
| San Luis Obispo | September 1, 1772. |
| San Francisco de Assisi | October 9, 1776. |
| Situated at San Francisco. | |
| San Juan Capistrano | November 1, 1776. |
| Santa Clara | January 18, 1777. |
| San Buenaventura | March 31, 1782. |
| Santa Barbara | December 4, 1786. |
| La Purisima Concepcion | December 8, 1787. |
| Santa Cruz | August 28, 1791. |
| Soledad | October 9, 1791. |
| San José | June 18, 1797. |
| San Juan Bautista | June 24, 1797. |
| San Miguel | July 25, 1797. |
| San Fernando | September 8, 1797. |
| San Luis Rey | June 13, 1798. |
| Santa Inez | September 17, 1804. |
| San Rafael | December 18, 1817. |
| San Francisco de Solano | August 25, 1823. |
| Situated at Sonoma. | |

# IV. SPANISH CALIFORNIA

## CHAPTER XVIII

### LIFE IN THE PUEBLOS AND ON THE RANCHES

THERE were three kinds of homes in Spanish California: the missions, scattered along the coast from San Diego to San Francisco, about thirty miles apart; the pueblos, or villages, which grew up around the four presidios or at the settlements made by the government colonists; and the few ranchos, miles in extent, which had been granted by the crown to aristocratic Spaniards of excellent families.

Acorn granaries in the Yosemite Valley

Until about 1828, the missions were the most important power in California. They owned nearly all the region from the ocean back to the Coast Range Mountains, and as they claimed that the property of one mission touched that of the next, several included in their estates thirty or forty square miles of territory. The fathers said that all the land of California belonged to the Indians, and that

the church was holding it in trust for them until they could care for it themselves; consequently they looked with dislike on a grant of land to any one. The missions were hives of industry, where lived the priests, the neophyte Indians, a few Spanish workmen, and from two to eight soldiers, to serve as a protection in case of trouble with the Indians.

The leading pueblos grew up around the four presidios at San Diego, Santa Barbara, Monterey, and San Francisco. Here lived most of the soldiers in the province, some of them with their families; the government officials, who were often men of wealth and power; sometimes, also, rancheros whose estates were not far distant. Smaller, less important pueblos were those made by the settlers sent out by the government; such were the beginnings of Los Angeles and San José. The colonists were given a small tract of land, a number of animals, and tools to cultivate the soil. For five years, certain supplies and a hundred and twenty dollars a year for each colonist, were sent from Mexico. Very different were these conditions from those under which the English on the Atlantic coast were struggling. But such help did more harm than good. Only the lower classes came, attracted by the offer of government aid. Once in California, there was little need of hard work: so the colonists lived a life of idleness, and were a hindrance rather than a development to the province. They often intermarried with the Indians, and there resulted a race little fitted to civilize any country.

The men who were given large ranchos were often from the best families of Spain, proud of their blood, proud of

their pure Castilian language, proud of their position among the first families of the New World. They lived on their estates almost like barons of the Middle Ages, but there were too few of them to give character to the population of the country. Such grants were few in number, partly because of the jealous watchfulness of the missionaries and their claim to nearly all the good land along the coast, and partly because the Spaniards did not think it worth their efforts to go back into the great valleys in the interior of the state.

All the inhabitants tried to live as they had lived in Mexico, and years passed with hardly a change in even their ways of dressing. There was more wealth at the missions than anywhere else, but of course life there was very simple. At the presidio pueblos there was considerable luxury in the homes of the officials and the wealthy rancheros; but the soldiers were always poorly paid by the government, and often went ragged and penniless. The colonist pueblos were for years shabby villages, for the settlers were lazy ne'er-do-wells, who would have starved without the money sent them every year from Mexico.

Would you like to take a look at the pueblo of Los Angeles in the early years before the coming of the Americans, when it was as dreamy and easy-going as any other old Spanish town? In the center was a plaza, an open square, where much of the business of the village was done. Around the plaza were the houses of the first settlers, and on one side were the public buildings. These were a guardhouse for the soldiers, a town house, and a public granary. The buildings were of adobe. In Los

Angeles they were left their original mud color, but in Monterey they were whitewashed and the roofs were of red tile, giving the place a very pleasing appearance. On the plains back of the houses, horses and cattle pastured until they became such a nuisance that an adobe wall was built to keep them out of the pueblo.

As new houses were needed they were put farther back, for all the space immediately around the plaza was taken. There was little need of village streets in those days, as there were no wagons and everybody rode horseback. Each man, therefore, put his house where he pleased. If it happened to stand across one of the bridle paths, no one found fault; the riders turned out and went around, and in time a new path was made. So the streets, such as they were, zigzagged around the adobe buildings.

It was no short task for a well-to-do Californian to build his roomy home, even when it was only one story in height. First the Indians molded the clay into bricks about eighteen inches square by two or three inches thick; these were put into wooden forms and left in the sun to bake. When one side was thoroughly hard they were turned over to bake on the other. When dry they were built up by the use of adobe mortar into walls two or three feet thick, and, in the larger houses, the partitions were made in the same slow way. The walls, like the bricks, had to dry thoroughly, and months passed before the roof of tile or thatch was put on and the outside of the house was finished.

It did not take long to make the inside ready for its owners. There was no plastering, and little wood finish-

ing. Often no windows were put in, no doors were hung, no floor was laid. A curtain of rawhide, hung over a doorway, was enough to keep out the cold; the ground, beaten hard and smooth, was the usual floor. Many of these houses are still to be seen in Southern California, and, fitted up more comfortably, are lived in by Americans.

The wealthier rancheros had floors, wooden shutters or even glass for the windows, doors, and rich furniture

House of a wealthy ranchero

brought from Mexico or Spain. We read of sofas and easy chairs, but they were few before the days of the Americans. The usual furniture of the living room consisted of a rough table, some benches around the walls, and chairs with rawhide seats. The bed, too, was made of a rawhide, which was said to possess strange powers of healing the sick. Stretched tight on a wooden frame, it

was comfortable enough for any one, and was praised even by the Americans. Every Spanish housekeeper was proud of her beds, and white spreads and lace-trimmed pillow-cases were often seen in the homes of the poor as well as of the rich.

Considering how bare the houses were inside, it is not surprising that the Spaniards lived out of doors the most of their time. Even on a chilly morning the easiest and pleasantest way of getting warm was to take a gallop across the hills, for the rooms were either entirely without fire or were slightly heated by a pan of coals standing in the center of the floor.

The pueblo was never kept clean. There were no butcher shops, and every home had a slaughter yard of its own, where the bones of cattle lay year after year. Other refuse was everywhere, and the crows came in such numbers to feed on it that the town council of Los Angeles finally offered a bounty for every one killed. But some severe plague might have fallen on the village if the crows had not acted as scavengers, for the Spaniards would not clean the place for themselves.

The principal pleasures in the lives of these simple, hospitable people were to have friends and relatives around them, to ride a good horse, to feast, and to dance. After the morning services at church, Sunday was given over to visiting and pleasure making. On the way home several families often stopped for dinner at the home of one of their number. The men lassoed and killed a calf, the women entered the kitchen as if at home, and prepared a meal for the whole party.

There was always meat in abundance; beans, onions, and peppers were plentiful, although as a rule vegetables were scarce; grapes and other fruits were raised at the missions and at a few of the ranches. Milk, cheese, and butter were luxuries; for although there were cattle by the thousand, they were wild. Some of the missions, however, and occasionally a ranchero, had a few half-tamed cows, and butter and cheese were made. To milk a cow was a great event, which the whole family might come out to watch. Three persons were necessary for the operation. The cow's head was tied securely with a riata, or braided rawhide, which was either fastened to a post or held by some strong person. The hind legs were tied securely with another riata and held by a second man, who must also fight off the calf if it tried to approach; the third person did the milking. As this was a rare occurrence, there were no milk pails in a Spanish household, and all kinds of vessels had to be brought into use, including teacups, glasses, and bowls. Milk was, indeed, a luxury in California.

On all great occasions there was a dance, or fandango as it was called, in one of the homes or in a public building. Graceful Spanish dances occupied the evening; or at some of the great events they were kept up for several nights, the days being spent in getting ready for more nights of revelry. As all Californians seem to have been related, and as horseback riding was so common, no one thought anything of going thirty or forty miles to a fandango at the home of some relative.

One of the frolics often seen in connection with a carnival celebration was a "battle with the eggs." Eggs were

emptied of their contents, the shells partly filled with cologne or sweet-scented water, and the open ends sealed up with wax; sometimes the shells were filled with gold or silver paper cut into tiny pieces. As the guests arrived, or during the evening, they were pelted with the shells, which, as they broke, showered the victim with perfumery or scraps of glittering paper. The fun often raged so furiously that, when the eggs gave out, a stormy water fight followed until everybody was drenched. This part of the game seems to have been confined to the men, the ladies probably escaping when the rougher amusement began.

Although so far away from what was fashionable life, the Californians were fond of fine dressing, and liked to think themselves very stylish. Laces, silks, satins, and velvets were stored away in the chests that were a part of the furniture in every Spanish home. All these luxuries must have been given the best of care, for we read of the same clothes being worn for three generations; and the grandson was as proud of his finery as the grandfather had been when it was new.

This is the way one Spanish grandee near Los Angeles appeared to an American early in the nineteenth century. His vest was of blue damask, his shortclothes of crimson velvet; he wore a beautifully embroidered shirt and white tie. His jacket was of bright green cloth, ornamented with large silver buttons. His shoes were of embroidered deerskin. On a great holiday, when this gentleman appeared in his very best clothes, his whole suit is said to have cost more than a thousand dollars. On ordinary occasions a gentleman wore a short jacket of silk or figured

material; pantaloons of velveteen or broadcloth, open below the knee and laced with gilt, or short breeches and white stockings. A crimson scarf was twisted around his waist. The botas, a kind of legging, were of ornamented deerskin, secured by bright-colored silk garters. The shoes were embroidered. The hair was worn long, braided down the back, and tied with a ribbon. Over the head was often laid a black silk handkerchief. The hat was a broad sombrero, with which all Californians of to-day are well acquainted. The serape, or cloak, was never lacking; indeed it often indicated the rank of its owner. It was a large, square blanket, slit in the middle for passing over the head. Wealthy men wore costly serapes of broadcloth, heavy with velvet and other trimmings, while the poorer men wore cheap cloaks of the coarse woolen cloth woven at the missions.

A Spanish grandee

The ladies also enjoyed bright colors. The muslin skirt was often flounced with scarlet and fastened at the waist by a broad silk band of the same. The bodice was as richly trimmed with lace as the owner could afford. The shoes were of bright-colored velvet, satin, or kid. No lady's toilet was complete without a reboso, or long scarf, except that with the wealthier classes a shawl sometimes took its place. The reboso was worn over the head with that peculiar grace for which the Spanish women have long been noted. Bonnets and hats were almost unknown.

Jewelry was greatly admired, and nearly every woman managed to have at least a necklace and earrings. The richer ladies had fine jewels, which they kept with the greatest care, so that they often passed from mother to daughter through several generations.

Those were the days when all the men went horseback, and many of the women were equally expert as riders. Horses always stood tied before the adobe buildings ready for use, even if the owner were going only a few yards from his house. When a horse began to look thin from too constant riding, he was turned out to pasture and another was brought in, for there was no limit to the number on the plains. On a long journey several were used; one was ridden until worn out, then turned loose, and another saddled in his place. Those thus left behind were often gathered up on the return trip. Horses were seldom brushed and cared for in any way except for great occasions; but a Spaniard liked a good horse above everything else, and there seems to have been a perfect understanding between the man and his animal.

It is no wonder that the Californians were among the best riders in the world, for a boy learned to ride when he was little more than a baby, and spent much of his life on a horse's back. One of the common sights around a pueblo was a horse, with two or three children on its back, tearing across the country at a full gallop. In this way a child learned to keep his seat under all circumstances, and to be perfect master of his animal. As soon as a boy was strong enough, he went out and lassoed a wild colt. Putting on saddle and bridle, he mounted, and "rode the

horse tame," that is, until it was exhausted and could be readily managed.

For all common use on the rancho, the saddle and stirrups were of the heavy Spanish make still used in some parts of the state. The pommel was high and strongly made, to take the resistance in lassoing animals. The stirrups were of wood, with leather aprons to protect the feet of the rider from the brush. Spurs were always worn, and cruel things they were, with their four or five long points, dull and rusty. The sides of the horses were often savagely torn by them. The bridle was furnished with a large bit, like those still sometimes used on vicious horses; with it there was little difficulty in controlling the wildest horse that had once been ridden. A lasso, or riata, was always at hand, wound on the pommel of the saddle. It was of braided rawhide, with a slipknot at the end. Men and women were adepts in its use, and their feats of catching and felling animals are almost beyond belief.

On holidays and great occasions the Californian took the greatest pride in the appearance of himself and his horse. A Spaniard, who a few years ago wrote about the fiestas in the early part of the century, says, "In those days the people always rode good horses." For any special occasion they chose their very best. These had "satin mouths and feet that barely touched the ground"; they were "light of limb"; their eyes were of fire; they were "devourers of miles and leagues, tireless, indomitable."

Steed and rider were decked in splendid trappings for these occasions. The black or red saddle was of beauti-

fully stamped leather, embroidered with silver threads· the pommel and seat were edged with silver; the bridle and reins were heavily mounted with silver, the latter sometimes being made of filagree. The rider wore a short, graceful riding jacket, richly trimmed with gold and silver. Garments of velvet and of other rich material made the Californian seem like a knight come down from the days of chivalry. The prancing horse and the brilliantly dressed rider were a gorgeous sight.

Where so many rode horseback there was little need of carriages. Sometimes a priest had a carreta, as the ox cart was called; and some of the ladies used them for going to church or on the frequent pleasure expeditions. But they were usually used for hauling grain or goods.

These carts were very rude affairs. The wheels, either two or four in number, were crosscuts from a log. A hole was bored through the center and a pole run through for an axle. On this was placed a rough wooden frame, over the sides and bottom of which were stretched hides. Cushions were used to give a little comfort to the springless cart. Two oxen were yoked to the carreta, their heads being lashed to a strong stick about four feet long. A driver rode on a horse by their sides to manage them. These oxen were not always the slow-going animals that we think them, for they were often driven at a gallop, rattling over the rough roads, the dust flying in clouds, the rude wheels creaking and screaming until they could be heard a mile away.

Rude as the carretas were for all ordinary occasions, there were times when they seemed almost as fine as the

prancing steeds ridden by the men. For the fiestas they were covered with a brilliant canopy. Sometimes this was a gay silk bedspread, worked in beautiful flowers; a long fringe hung down the sides almost to the axle, protecting the girls and women from the bright rays of the sun. Or lace curtains, Chinese crêpe,

Going to church in a carreta

or bright-colored rebosos were used as canopies, giving beauty to the otherwise rude carriages.

Few of the Californians could either read or write, and there were not many books in the whole province. The two or three libraries that were owned by some of the wealthier and better educated men never had much effect on the general culture of the province.

Here is a description of a school in Monterey, taken from an account written by one of the pupils after he had become a man. The schoolroom was long and narrow; a dim light entered through a few small windows; the floor was the hard, beaten ground; the thick adobe walls kept the room chilly even in summer. The whole place had a dirty, dilapidated appearance which must have made every child long for the bright sunshine, the pure air, the clear blue sky out of doors.

At one end of this gloomy room was a platform on which was a table covered with a dingy black cloth. Here sat the teacher, the center of all the life and misery of the school. He was an old soldier, too nearly worn out to serve any more, but thought to be in good enough condition to teach the children how to write and to say their catechism. His face was so ill tempered that even the boldest boys looked on it with fear and trembling. Every pupil who entered walked the length of the room and kissed the master's hand.

The writing lesson always brought tears and trouble. The copy was set by the master, the quill pen was sharpened, and the boy began his unwelcome task. The little fingers were more skillful in throwing a toy riata or in controlling an unruly horse than in guiding an awkward pen over blank white paper. A blot was sure to fall on the beginner's sheet. When the page was finished it was taken to the master for inspection. Then the unlucky child who had let fall a blot trembled and held back.

"Here is a blot, you little rascal," roared the fiery teacher.

"Pardon, Señor Maestro; I will do better to-morrow."

The frown and ill temper on the master's face grew deeper.

"Hold out your hand, sir," was the only answer.

Either the blots were many, or the old soldier's temper was bad, for the ferule was seldom idle. A worse instrument of torture lay near the desk. It was a scourge of rope with iron points on the ends. Alas for the child who forgot himself so far as to laugh aloud, play truant, or spill the ink! He had to pay the penalty, were he large or small. He was stretched on a bench, face downwards, a handkerchief was tied over his mouth as a gag, and the hempen scourge was used until the blood ran down the little back.

It is no wonder that, with such teaching as this, the parents as well as the children were willing to have the vacations longer than the terms of school. More than one year passed during which the children did not see the inside of a schoolroom, and one vacation lasted fifteen years. Several of the governors tried to keep the schools open, and to force parents to send their children, but there was little education until California ceased to be a Mexican province. Wealthy men sometimes sent their sons to Mexico to be educated, and the girls picked up some learning at home. Poor people either sent their boys to such schools as the one just described, or let them grow up without knowing how to read or write. This was one of the reasons why the quick-witted Americans soon had the advantage in all respects when they came to California.

Life on the Spanish ranches was idle and happy. The

men did not do more than a month of really hard work in the whole year; this was during the planting and harvesting of their grain. Even then the laborious manual work was done by Indians, who were hired from the missions or from the ranches of gentile Indians. It is true that the men were ready at any time to mount an untamed horse, to lasso wild cattle, or to fight a grizzly bear. But these were pleasures which might be enjoyed at any time. The Californians knew nothing of regular daily work like that to which Americans are accustomed. This is another reason why they disappeared from the land when the Americans came in large numbers, bringing with them their busy, energetic ways.

The farming tools of the Californians were centuries behind those used on the Atlantic coast. For a plow, they used the crooked limb of an oak tree, sometimes tipping it with a piece of iron; a small tree was used for a pole, to which oxen were harnessed by means of a board lashed to the horns. With this machine the ground was plowed, or scratched over, to receive the grain. The seed was scattered broadcast and harrowed in by dragging over it branches of trees. With even this rude cultivation the rich soil yielded heavy returns.

When the grain was ready to harvest, the Indians cut it with sickles, and carried it on their backs to a corral to be thrashed. It was spread on the ground, which had been pounded until it was smooth and hard, and a drove of wild horses was let into the corral. The straw was turned a few times, and the horses were driven about until they had trampled out the kernels; then they were turned

out and the straw was beaten by hand with heavy sticks to shake out any remaining heads, or these were rubbed out by the Indians in their hands. The straw was then taken away, leaving the grain, chaff, and broken bits of straw on the ground.

The breeze was now set to work. Some windy day the mingled straw and grain were thrown up into the air by

Grinding corn

means of heavy wooden forks, the straw and chaff were blown away, and the grain was left ready to be ground into flour. The whole process was so slow and difficult that, although grain would grow almost wild on the hills and plains, flour was scarce and wheat bread was dear. Before the Americans came there were only the rudest kinds of mills in the country. The Spaniards, like the Indians, used a mortar and pestle for grinding out the grain, or rubbed it into flour on the metate. As years

passed, a sort of mill was made by placing one heavy stone on top of another. The upper one was flattened a little, and in it was placed an iron bolt, by means of which a horse or mule could be fastened to the rude mill. The stone turned but once as the animal walked around, so that a day's hard work by a mule would result in very little flour.

The Spaniards greatly enjoyed taking care of the immense herds of cattle. These were allowed to run wild, almost no attention being given them except to kill those needed for food. Once a year, however, according to the Spanish law, all the cattle were rounded up to be stamped with the owner's brand. This event was called a rodeo. It was a great occasion, when there was plenty of work but also endless excitement. All the men, women, and children of the neighborhood were present, and every man was obliged by law to give all the help necessary. A feast naturally went with a rodeo.

The first thing was for the vaqueros, or cowboys, to ride over the thousands of acres that belonged to a rancher and drive in the cattle. There were those of preceding years, stamped at some earlier rodeo; there were calves that were to be freshly branded; and there were other animals from adjoining ranches or from some mission a few miles away. These straggling cattle were driven out separately, and as the brands were recognized, were claimed by their owners who were probably present. The skill of the riders and of their horses was shown in "bunching" or cutting out a small band of cattle from the pushing, crowding, frightened mass of animals,

and in driving them into the corral. This corral, or inclosure, was made of strong posts set close together, with a narrow opening through which the cattle were driven in, and out of which they raced when the branding was at an end. As soon as the corral was emptied, another band was driven in, branded, and set free for another year. This was continued until all the cattle owned by any ranchero had been branded.

All these thousands of cattle were kept for the value of their hides and tallow, which were sold to the traders who occasionally came to the coast. The traders came so seldom, however, that the hides were worth very little money, from a dollar and a half to two dollars each; consequently the large herds were not as valuable as might be supposed. The hides were used so frequently in paying debts that they were called by the American sailors "California bank notes."

A matanza was another busy time for the Spaniards. This was the butchering or killing of the cattle for their hides. A large corral was made into which hundreds of cattle were driven. The major-domo, or general manager of the ranch, and several vaqueros, mounted on their finest horses, stood near the entrance. The major-domo pointed out an animal that was to be killed; a lasso thrown by a vaquero caught him on the horns; a second lasso caught his hind feet, throwing him heavily to the ground. A moment more and he was killed and dragged to one side. Sometimes it happened that one of the animals escaped from the corral; then away dashed some of the vaqueros after him, swinging their lassos over their heads as they

approached. Rarely did even a maddened bull save himself from the swinging lasso, but, tripped and thrown, he, too, was dragged to the slaughter.

In years when little rain fell and the hills turned brown in the early spring, there was not enough feed for all the animals. Then many of the older and less valuable stock were killed, so that the rest might have enough to eat. In such cases, the hides were taken off and the carcasses left to rot.

Wild-horse rodeos were frequent. The horses increased in number so rapidly that they ate up the grass needed for the more useful animals; so rodeos were held for killing off the poorest ones and taking home the best to be tamed on the ranches.

So, with little change from year to year, time passed with the Spanish Californians, until the Americans came to the Pacific slope and moved life forward in some respects by centuries.

QUESTIONS. — Of the three kinds of homes mentioned which was the first to be formed? On what did the priests lay their claim to hold so much good land for the missions? To what class of people were large estates given by the king of Spain? What other class of people came slowly to California?

Where were the principal towns of Spanish California? Why was there such a difference between the presidio pueblos and the colonist pueblos?

Why did the luxury-loving Spaniards live in such bare houses? How did they manage to dress so well? How did they become such expert horsemen? Why did they not use more carriages? Why were they so old-fashioned in ranching?

Give five or more characteristics of the Spaniards.

## CHAPTER XIX

### FOREIGNERS ON THE PACIFIC COAST

SPAIN wanted no foreigners in her provinces. She had run a race with England and France in getting possession of the Pacific coast, and she was especially desirous that there should be no chance to take this part of her empire away. As early as 1794 a royal order was made prohibiting foreign vessels from stopping in California unless they were in distress or needed supplies. But in spite of this decree, a few English and American ships came, tempted by valuable otter skins, which were found in some parts of the country, especially in San Francisco Bay.

The Americans built up a paying trade by bringing to California manufactured articles which were in great demand at the missions and ranchos, exchanging them for a load of otter skins which were wanted in China, and returning to New England loaded with the products of the Orient. But such trade in California was contraband and attended by great risks.

In 1803 the *Lelia Byrd*, an American vessel, entered San Diego harbor. The captain said that he was in need of fresh water and other supplies, but the commandante was watchful and suspicious. The latter visited the ship and having satisfied himself that the supplies were needed,

he allowed them to be taken on board. It was soon discovered that the captain wanted some otter skins, about a thousand in all, which he knew were stored at the fort. The commandante steadily refused to take any part in forbidden trade, no matter how much money it might bring him. The captain tried the soldiers who also had a few otter skins. Some men were sent on shore by the captain the last night of his stay in the harbor, to trade with some of the soldiers; they were seized by the watchful commandante and held as prisoners. In the morning the captain daringly released his men, and immediately set sail to escape from the harbor. The ship was fired upon from the fort. A blank cartridge did not frighten the Yankee; a ball before the bows of his ship was unheeded; passing in front of the fort, several shots damaged the sails and rigging, and the hull was struck above the water line. In return two broadsides from the vessel were fired at the fort.

The Spanish shots did not stop the *Lelia*, but they did serve as a warning to other vessels also in the contraband trade. For some time San Diego was given a clear field, and commerce went tc the towns farther north.

Not all the vessels which came to California were as peaceable as the traders. In 1816 there was great excitement all along the Pacific coast. The South American provinces were in revolt against Spain and were in the act of setting up republican governments of their own. Their privateers were on the sea looking for Spanish vessels and plundering the colonies which had remained loyal to the mother country.

Word was sent all along the California coast to be on

the watch for Bouchard, the leader of the Buenos Ayres "pirates," as they were called; but two years passed before his vessel sailed into Monterey harbor. Aboard of his two small ships were about five hundred men and sixty-six guns, while Governor Sola at Monterey had only fifty-five men and eight poor cannon with which to meet them. After a brave defense Monterey surrendered. The town was burned, only the adobe walls of the houses being left standing. Not finding rich plunder, Bouchard sailed south. The rancho del Refugio near Santa Barbara, belonging to the wealthy Ortega family, was visited and everything that would burn was set on fire. The vessels stopped at Santa Barbara, but under a flag of truce, to get possession of two prisoners who had been taken at Refugio. San Juan Capistrano mission was visited. Then Bouchard disappeared from the coast, disappointed in the hopes which had brought him to California. The province had remained loyal to Spain, and the pirates had found none of the immense treasures which they had been told were at the missions. One of the unfortunate results of Bouchard's attack was that foreigners were looked on with more disfavor than before, if that were possible.

When, in 1822, Mexico declared itself free from Spain, there was no change in the attitude toward foreigners. Laws and regulations were made still more stringent in the effort to keep them out. Mexico was too busy in the various rebellions within her own boundaries to give California anything but laws and bad government, and no one realized that the selfish policies against trade and foreigners were driving the province to desperation.

For some years the government supply vessels had not been fitted out by Mexico, and in order to buy anything not produced at home, the Californians were forced into contraband trade with the vessels which occasionally came into their harbors. Some Russians traded with the country around San Francisco, and even made a settlement near Bodega Bay; but the people who gradually won the principal business with the province were the Americans. They studied the needs of their customers and tried to supply them.

Even the officials, seeing the necessity of the province, were slow to enforce the laws about keeping vessels out of the harbors. The people had to have clothes and shoes to wear aside from the coarse products of the missions. Knives and other cutlery were a necessity. Tea, coffee, sugar, and rice were wanted. If necessities were bought, such luxuries as velvets, silks, and satins, could not be forbidden. The Americans supplied all these goods at what the Californians thought reasonable prices, and they were welcomed on the coast.

These conditions led to a different attitude toward foreigners. They were readily received in the towns, and from about 1823 they became a recognized part of the life in California. In 1823 the schooner *Rover* entered Monterey harbor, having on board the owner and captain, John Rogers Cooper. Cooper went directly to the governor, asked permission to trade, and offered to pay the duties on his goods. In spite of the restrictive Mexican laws, the governor, Arguello, thought of the needs of the people and consented. The Californians were delighted, and from

that time the American trade was on a basis that grew surer as the years passed. From 1831–1846 it increased rapidly. Large companies were formed in the Eastern states to trade with California. Agents were placed in the different cities on the coast to study the needs of the people, to get acquainted with the customs, and to serve the Eastern companies in every way possible. The vessels

A trader in port

which carried goods around the Horn returned loaded with hides, tallow, and a few furs, the only exports of the land.

As there were no stores in California in those days, all goods were bought directly from the ships. In his book, "Two Years before the Mast," R. H. Dana, Jr., has given a description of the arrival of a ship at San Pedro and the sale of goods to the people of Los Angeles.

Whenever a vessel appeared there was great excitement. The news spread rapidly, and people from all the country were soon at the beach or on the way to it. Cattle were hurriedly driven to the shore, for the sailors, having eaten only salt meat for months, always made a brisk demand for fresh beef. Hides and tallow were brought in the rude, groaning ox carts. Many of the people did not intend returning home until their trading was done, and so at night camp fires lighted up the shore, and by day the plain was alive with horsemen galloping in all directions according to the pleasure or business of the moment.

On board ship the decks had been cleared and an office opened, so that the goods could be shown to better advantage. Men, women, and children crowded the decks to get a look at the coveted articles. The boys and young men wanted knives; the girls were on the lookout for satin ribbons; the Indians bought handkerchiefs and beads; the older members of the family laid in a supply of clothing, shoes, rice, sugar, to last until the coming of another ship, perhaps months later.

The American merchants had studied the trade carefully and knew just what kind of goods would be bought by the Californians. There were cotton cloths, velvets, silks, shoes, and rich clothing for men and women. There were brandies, wines, tea, rice, sugar, in large quantities. So shiftless were the Spaniards, and so dependent had they become on the "Yankee trader," that, as Dana says, "They had grapes and paid high prices for Boston wines. They had hides and paid exorbitantly for shoes that had

been made out of California leather that had been twice around the Horn."

The Spaniards had little curiosity about the country around them. They seemed to think that the great country to the east was impassable, and that the only way for the Americans to reach California was by water. Consequently, they were amazed when, one day in 1826, there came from the east to San Gabriel mission a party of Americans.

The story of their appearance was really very simple. Jedediah S. Smith was the leader of about fifteen trappers with whom he was hunting in the Rocky Mountains. He had come from his headquarters at Salt Lake, and had struck the old Santa Fé trail at a time when he was nearly dying of thirst and hunger in the deserts. As he was nearer San Gabriel than Salt Lake, he made his way thither, guided by an Indian. He was not very well received. This was a new kind of an American. He did not intend staying in California, he had not come to trade, and he was accompanied by a band of savage-looking, well-armed men. Altogether the party was so unwelcome to the Mexican officials that the governor ordered Smith to hurry on out of the province. This was not so easy as it seemed to the Californians. It was more than a year before Smith could get together the supplies needed to continue his trapping

An American trapper

were dishonest and quarrelsome. But all brought among the Spaniards a new spirit, that of restlessness and of the energy which the Spaniards had never liked nor possessed. They were face to face with all the traits of the Anglo-Saxon which had led him to conquer the Indians and the wilderness on the Atlantic coast. Without fully realizing all the danger to themselves and to their quiet, idyllic life, the Spaniards were troubled and uncertain about the future. Well they might be, for not twenty-five years after they had forced Smith out of their country the whole coast was to pass into the hands of the men who followed him over the snowy crests of the Sierras.

QUESTIONS. — What reason did Spain have for wishing foreigners to keep away from her American provinces? What was the long voyage taken by the first American ships that came to California ports to trade? Why did trading vessels get into trouble with the Spanish officials? What two reasons brought pirate vessels to the Pacific coast? Why did such vessels go to the Pacific rather than to the Atlantic coast? Why were the Californians glad to have trading vessels visit their ports? Why did the officials object?

Why was Jedediah S. Smith hunted out of California? What does this show about the feelings of Spanish officials toward Americans? By what two routes were Americans now coming into California? What kind of people came each way? Which class of immigrants seemed most dangerous to the Californians? Why? Which entered most easily into Californian life? What danger was there to the Spanish life in California from the presence of Americans?

# CHAPTER XX

## SPANISH GOVERNORS OF CALIFORNIA

A SPANISH province was governed by a royal governor sent out from Spain or, in the case of the North American provinces, from Mexico. He might be chosen because of his fitness for the high position; or because he had been an officer in the army and was to be rewarded for his services to his country; or, perhaps, because he was a man who had become disagreeable, or dangerous to the home government, and while he was too powerful to be offended, he was to be buried, as it were, for a time in some distant land. A governor was an almost absolute ruler in his little kingdom, for he always had at hand a number of soldiers to do his bidding. The soldiers were under a leader, called a commandante, but the commandante usually obeyed the orders of the governor.

Gaspar de Portolá was the first governor of the Californias. It will be remembered that he had charge of the second land expedition to San Diego, when the priests started out to establish the missions in 1769. There is but little recorded about Governor Portolá, but that little is so kindly and cheery that we feel disappointed in not knowing him better. His life reminds us of one of the proverbs in history, that those years are

happiest about which the least is said. History has for him no long memorials, but while he was in California there were no quarrels, no hard feelings, no jealousies, worth mentioning. Matters moved along quietly and always toward the goal for which the government and the church were striving. When Portolá left, troubles began. Surely he must have harmonized men and affairs, or the years would not have been so peaceful.

The next important governor was the seventh He was Diego de Borica, who arrived in the province in 1793. His is a name over which one likes to linger. Descended from an old, aristocratic Spanish family, he never lost the courteous manner, the high chivalry, the refined daily life, which were his by inheritance and education. He possessed also a remarkable capacity for hard work; a broad, just mind; and a sympathetic understanding of the countries in which he lived and worked. It was one of the blessings for early California that for five years Diego de Borica was its governor.

When news of his appointment came, Borica broke off regretfully his pleasant connections with scholarly friends in Mexico, to take up the duties of a distant post. One of the first persons met in the new surroundings at Monterey was Vancouver, the English explorer, and an enjoyable acquaintance for both men followed. Nevertheless, since Borica felt obliged to obey the orders which he had brought with him from Mexico, to exclude all foreigners from the province, Vancouver soon felt it wiser to leave; but it was with regret both on his part and on that of the genial governor that they bade each other good-by.

Borica soon turned his attention to the condition of the neophytes at the missions. His arrival was just about the time that the fatherly care of the early years was changing into the harshness of later times. It was a delicate task, but he succeeded so well in it that the severe floggings ceased, and food and clothing for the Indians were made better. At the same time he kept on good terms with the missionaries. Had the following governors been as able as he, the end of the mission history would have been very different.

Governor Borica was greatly annoyed by the character of the colonists sent out by Mexico. He found them a lazy, good-for-nothing, poverty-stricken class. First of all he struggled with their drunkenness, which was increasing fast, as more wines and brandies were made in the province. Then he took up the still more difficult task of making the men work instead of leading such lazy lives; for Borica looked with despair on the fairest land in the world, overrun with weeds or left wild as nature had made it, while men, women, and children slept, drank, or gambled away their days and nights, content in their rags and miserable huts. Borica wrote to Mexico that such laziness was "a sin against God, the king, and the government," and that it "should for the future be punished by fines and forfeitures." He was as good as his word, and the knowledge that he was in earnest forced the settlers to harder work.

The next vice attacked by the governor was gambling, and here again, by severe punishments, he succeeded in checking if not in preventing a great waste of time and

money. He also insisted that parents should send their children to school, and for a time the teachers in California were kept busier than ever before or for a long time afterward. He ordered fortifications for the cove and valley known as Yerba Buena, to the south of what is now Telegraph Hill in San Francisco. So to Governor Borica may be traced the beginnings of that part of the present city.

It was the struggle of one man with many. The people obeyed only while held by a strong hand. They loved their fleshpots of Egypt; and when, in 1800, Borica left California, old customs and vices were quickly restored.

The next twenty years were marked in Mexico and South America by revolutions against Spain, and the setting up of democratic governments. California had little interest in the new ideas; she remained loyal to Spain and to the thought of a monarchy. The governor who came to the province in 1815 was Pablo Vicente de Sola. He was a royalist, and had been educated in the schools of Spain. All Californians looked forward with the greatest enthusiasm to his coming, for he represented their own ideas on the questions of the day, — loyalty to the king of Spain, dislike for democratic institutions.

On the evening after his arrival the gray old adobe presidio was made beautiful with festoons of evergreens among which twinkled a multitude of lights; each was as quaint as an old Roman lamp, — a basin of suet in which floated a cotton wick, smoking and sputtering as it blazed. The next morning there was a solemn, ceremonious mass at the presidio church, accompanied by discharges of musketry in the courtyard and the boom of cannon

After mass came a parade by the soldiers, and an address by Governor Sola, followed by a banquet prepared by the ladies of Monterey. In the afternoon came the inevitable bullfight, and the day was concluded with a grand ball, finer than anything before attempted in California.

The festivities were not yet at an end. The next day was spent at San Carlos mission. There the interest of

Old adobe house with modern roof

the governor was excited by the California side of the entertainment. The fathers had arranged a mimic battle among the Indians, who were adorned with feathers and fought with their savage weapons. Sola watched with closest attention, and then, the ceremonies of the inauguration being over, he returned to Monterey to take up the duties of governor.

He was in California when the pirates of Buenos Ayres visited the coast, and he was the governor who witnessed

the reception of the news that Mexico had declared herself free from Spain. Although he was known to be a royalist, and California was in sympathy with him, everybody thought it best to accept quietly the change in Mexico. The province was benefited a little by the new government, for an assembly, or deputation, was formed in California, and representatives were sent to the Mexican congress.

One of the greatest advantages of Sola's life among the Californians came to them indirectly. He was very fond of children, and as he was a well-educated man himself, he wished to see the boys enjoying the privileges of good instruction. Finding the schools closed throughout the province, he caused them to be opened. He frequently visited the one at Monterey, and there he became interested in the boys of the pueblo. Among them were three who were of importance in the later history of California. They were Juan Bautista Alvarado, Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, and José Castro. He found these three bright minds cramped over writing lessons from straight lines to words; over reading lessons often taken from old letters or exercises written by the teacher; and over the *doctrina* of the church. He introduced them to his own library; he put into their hands masterpieces of Spanish literature; he gave them portions of the Spanish constitution to read. In short, he opened to them what had been closed to almost every boy of California up to that time, — the world of life and letters. Alvarado responded most eagerly to this treatment, and of him we shall have more to say at the proper time.

The spirit of self-government was rising in California. It was seen in frequent rebellions against tyrannical governors. None of them caused much loss of life, but they showed that the Californians would no longer endure unjust treatment.

In 1829, while Echeandia[1] was governor, there was a revolt of the troops, led by Solis, a desperate convict who had been sent from Mexico, and by Herrera, a Mexican politician scheming for greater power.

Victoria, the governor who succeeded Echeandia, met with greater difficulty, for it came from the better class of citizens. He was so self-willed and violent-tempered that he intended to rule without any regard to the privileges recently granted by Mexico. Determined not to lose their rights so soon, some of the young men in San Diego under the lead of Pio Pico rose against the governor. They were soon joined by others in Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, and two hundred men stood ready for the defense of their local government. So ignorant was Victoria of the real feeling against him, and so unwilling was he to take advice, that he marched against his opponents with only thirty men. Near Los Angeles a typical California battle was fought, in which, at the first sight of bloodshed, the soldiers on one side fled and those on the other deserted. Victoria was left in possession of the field, but he was holding it almost alone. With one or two exceptions, his thirty soldiers had gone over to the enemy, old comrades of theirs. He was badly wounded and was glad to agree to leave California.

[1] **Echeandia (Ā-chă-ăn'-dē-ä).**

Three governors at the same time vexed the province after the departure of Victoria, one of whom was Pio Pico, chosen by the assembly to act until the appointment of a new governor by Mexico. The three-cornered quarrel which threatened to plunge California into civil war again, was ended when Mexico named José Figueroa[1] as the next regular governor.

Figueroa is one of the well-known names in the history of California. The most important question of his time was the secularization of the missions. Part Aztec, as his build and color showed, he had a deep sympathy with the Indians, and understood better than any other governor the danger of giving them their full liberty before they were ready for it. He tried forming Indian pueblos in small ways with some of the more advanced neophytes; the results were highly satisfactory. But in the midst of his efforts came the order, in 1834, for the immediate secularization of all the missions, and Figueroa saw his work frustrated before it was fairly begun.

The next regular governor was Chico. The treatment which he gave the province called out again the spirit of rebellion which had slept during the time of Figueroa. Chico was a man of vicious, uncontrolled temper which often threw him into fits almost apoplectic in their violence. He declared himself the friend of Victoria, and boasted that he would punish every man who had taken part in expelling him from the province. This roused against him the young men who had been active in that affair. He took vigorous measures against foreign trade,

[1] **José Figueroa** (Hō-sā′ Fē-gā-rō′ä).

and ordered that every foreigner in the province should appear before an alcalde and justify his presence in the country, or be condemned to eight days in irons on the public works. These acts did not tend to make friends of the large number of foreigners by that time in California. In fact, Chico seemed to succeed in only one thing, — in arraying against himself every important class of people in the land. He proved to be so unfit for his high office that one morning, after he had indulged in an unusually bad attack of temper the night before, the men of Monterey armed themselves and surrounded his house.

Chico was thoroughly frightened. Hittell compares him to a wild beast in its cage, unable to do any more harm, but so ugly and resentful that none dared brave his fury. But Chico knew, at least, when he was beaten, and he did not care to trust himself any longer to the men of Monterey. He gladly consented to return to Mexico, and California was free from another tyrant.

After Chico's departure, the man who acted as governor until a regular appointment could be made from Mexico was Gutierrez.[1] He knew, however, that California was on the highway to rebellion against the careless and unsympathetic rule of Mexico, and he realized that at that very moment the actual power was in the hands of José Castro and Alvarado, ably supported by the political sympathy and military training of Vallejo.

Alvarado was the real leader in the new world of thought which was opening slowly to California. He had become acquainted with books through the kind-

[1] Gutierrez (Gōō-tē-ăr′reth).

ness of Sola; by some means he had met with writings on the life and work of George Washington, whose heroism became his model. He was active in public affairs, holding the important office of secretary in the territorial assembly when only eighteen years old.

When Chico was forced to leave for Mexico, Alvarado held a position in the custom house at Monterey. Gutierrez soon made the mistake of accusing him of dishonesty in his accounts. Alvarado, who was probably the ablest man in California, would brook no such accusation from a Mexican governor. He withdrew from the custom house and visited some of the leading Californians in the north. He said that in his opinion the time had come to declare independence from Mexico. Vallejo hesitated, but many were ready, indeed were only waiting for a signal, to revolt. Alvarado's word was the signal, and, as he returned to Monterey, he was joined by nearly all the men on the route.

Old custom house at Monterey

Gutierrez had no chance for escape. He called together the few soldiers who were willing to fight for him and for Mexico, and took refuge in the presidio. Alvarado was by this time at the head of the only really effective force in the country, but even that was so small that he had no desire to lay siege to so strong a building. He thought, however, that he might frighten Gutierrez out of his stronghold by

deceiving him as to the number of men by whom he was surrounded. Alvarado marched different bodies of troops from place to place as if he were making the best arrangement of many soldiers. Gutierrez, watching from the presidio, was completely misled; but he was not willing to yield without a struggle.

At eight o'clock, November 6, 1836, Alvarado sent word to Gutierrez that unless the presidio were immediately surrendered he would make an attack. There was no reply. At ten o'clock another notice was sent. No reply. At twelve, Gutierrez was notified that Alvarado's patience was exhausted, and that if the presidio were not delivered into his hands without further delay he would wait no longer than three before attacking. Alvarado, in spite of his threats, was still determined to win by strategy, for he had no desire to throw his untrained men against the adobe walls of the presidio, in close range of the few soldiers within. He felt sure that Gutierrez had seen the disposition of the troops, and that he would surrender if sufficiently frightened; but he was also convinced that the governor was not to be driven out of his safe quarters without a show of force.

The revolutionists looked around for ammunition for the cannon; but when Gutierrez took refuge in the presidio he carried with him, as he thought, everything of the kind. He really left behind only one cannon ball. This was found by Alvarado's men; enough powder for one charge was gotten together by emptying out musket cartridges, and the attacking party was ready to try the effect of a shot. The single ball was so well aimed that it crashed through

the roof of Gutierrez's house, throwing the governor into such a fright that he made haste to surrender before another one had time to follow. Feeling sure that the insurgents were well armed and in earnest about attacking him, he consented to leave the country. A few days later he went on board the same vessel that had taken Chico to Mexico, and sailed for the south.

California was now in the hands of her own sons, and they had no intention of doing her harm; but they were determined that Mexico should no longer burden her with offensive laws and oppressive officials. In the course of a month, independence from Mexico had been declared, a new government had been put into working order, and, with that happy faculty of the Californians of passing through revolutions unharmed, not a drop of blood had been shed. But peace had not yet settled on the land.

The new government went into effect with Alvarado as governor, Vallejo as colonel, and Castro as lieutenant colonel. All parts of California were fairly well satisfied with the change, but trouble soon appeared on the southern horizon. Mexico, refusing to recognize the new government, appointed as governor a Californian named Carillo, and called on all loyal citizens to support him. As Carillo had many friends and relatives in southern California, civil war was unavoidable.

This time blood was shed in a battle at San Buenaventura, one man being killed on the side of the revolutionists. Hostilities began in January, 1837, the first battle was fought in March, and in May Alvarado announced that the war was at an end, victory being with the Californians.

During the two months of warfare Alvarado's ideas had undergone a change. He had entered into the struggle with Gutierrez with the thought that he might bring to California a little of the freedom that his hero, George Washington, had brought to the colonies on the Atlantic. But he soon realized that his countrymen were very different from the Americans in the matter of self-government, and that their wiser course was to remain under the general government of Mexico, insisting, however, on their right to control their own affairs. After coming to such a conclusion, he had too much common sense to fight longer for independence; so, as soon as the war with Carillo was ended, he sent a messenger to Mexico to say that he was willing to return California to her allegiance. Only too glad to have the trouble settled without further effort on her part, Mexico took the wisest course possible. Alvarado, who was acceptable to all, was appointed regular governor, and as he easily induced the citizens to return to their loyalty to Mexico, no more notice was taken of the late rebellion.

During the six years that Alvarado acted as governor his people passed through many changes. They wakened to new ideas politically, with Alvarado a safe guide in them all. Aside from the growing interest in self-government, and in independence from Mexico, the principal question was the ever increasing number of Americans pouring into the state. Men of excellent character and fine business ability made the Pacific coast their home, but it was natural that the Californians should look with suspicion and anxiety on these additions to their popula-

tion.[1] The newcomers were ranchers or merchants; for although gold was found in 1842, at San Francisquito, about thirty-five miles northwest of Los Angeles, the yield was small and caused little excitement.

In 1842 Alvarado was made to feel the uncertainties of a public position. Mexico appointed a governor, a stranger to California, to take his place. It was a somewhat bitter drop in Alvarado's life, but he accepted it without complaint. The enforced withdrawal from office was made easier by the fact that he was in poor health, and needed rest from the heavy cares under which he had been laboring. But he did not give up his hope of still serving his country.

The new governor was Manuel Micheltorena. He came to California with instructions to stop the influx of Americans; for Mexico saw in every fresh arrival a reason for believing that the United States was planning to take California by force. To aid the new governor in his task, about three hundred and fifty men were sent with him to do duty as soldiers. But such soldiers! Every civilized country must have shrunk from them with disgust and loathing. Their very appearance was enough to turn all respectable people from the government which had sent them to the decent Americans whom they had come to drive out. They were men gathered up here and there, as Micheltorena passed from the city of Mexico to the sea,

[1] Among those who came were such well-known names as William A. Richardson, Daniel Hill, David Spence, Henry D. Fitch, George C. Yount, Abel Stearns, Alfred Robinson, John J. Warner, Thomas O. Larkin, Hugo Reid, Jacob P. Leese, Dr. Marsh, Peter Lassen, and John Sutter.

and were generally taken from prisons where they were serving sentences for crimes. In some of the towns through which they passed officials gave orders that they should be kept from any contact with the people. They were filthy to a degree unusual even for men of their class; they were so ragged that respect for decency made some of the cities clothe them before allowing them on the streets. Many of them made no pretense at clothing, but wrapped themselves in rags of blankets. Some of these so-called "soldiers" were accompanied by their families, who were even worse off than the men, more ragged, more filthy, more objectionable to the eye. No property was safe while they were around; anything that could be eaten, worn, or carried off, was stolen.

With their entry into Monterey, a reign of terror began. One of their assaults was on the captain of a French vessel lying in the harbor; he was robbed and so brutally treated that he declared he would bring in the rest of the French fleet and batter the town about their ears if Micheltorena did not make amends for the insult. This checked their excesses for a moment, as it were, but the people of Monterey were finally forced to free themselves from the nightmare of their presence.

When Micheltorena first arrived in California he remained for some time in Los Angeles, even taking the oath of office in that city. The reason for this neglect of the capital was that a most remarkable event was taking place there. On the afternoon of October 19, 1842, the United States sloop of war *Cyane* sailed into the harbor of Monterey and dropped her anchor in front of the town.

On board were about eight hundred men, thoroughly armed, under Commodore Thomas Catesby Ap Jones. Before night came, Commodore Jones sent a message to Alvarado, who was still in charge of affairs while awaiting the arrival of the new governor. In his communication Commodore

Old jail at Monterey

Jones stated briefly that war had broken out between Mexico and the United States, and that, as an officer in the navy of the latter, he proposed to take possession of Monterey. He gave Alvarado his choice of surrendering quietly but immediately, or of seeing the town bombarded The decision must be made by the following day.

What could Alvarado do? The trim sloop-of-war, ready for battle, lay in front of the town; her eight hundred men were an overwhelming force. Alvarado was without soldiers, and his authority as governor had recently passed into other hands. That night a horseman started to meet Micheltorena, bearing him the astounding news. The next day, without resistance, four hundred Americans were landed and marched to the fort. The Mexican flag was hauled down, and the stars and stripes were raised. Monterey was in the hands of the United States.

Micheltorena was met by Alvarado's messenger about thirty miles north of Los Angeles. The governor listened in surprise to the news he brought; then, as he had no desire to meet the enemy, he turned back to the safety of Los Angeles, and issued proclamations against the "miserable Americans."

Tangled affairs straightened themselves out most unexpectedly. Commodore Jones learned that he had been misinformed. There was no war; he had no right in Monterey; the stars and stripes must give way to the Mexican flag. It was a very awkward predicament, but Commodore Jones was equal to meeting it readily and courteously. He ordered down the American flag, apologized to the Mexican officials, and withdrew his men to the *Cyane*. A little later he went to Los Angeles to apologize personally to Micheltorena and to explain his mistake.

Now that the danger was over, Micheltorena was very jealous of his rights. He demanded that the American

ship should salute the Mexican flag. Commodore Jones agreed. The governor demanded fifty suits of uniform, a number of musical instruments, and $15,000 to pay for the losses caused, which, however, existed only in the governor's fancy. Commodore Jones must have smiled to himself at the absurdity of the demands; but to Micheltorena he said quietly that he could pay no claims, for that was a matter to be settled between Mexico and the United States. The salute was given at San Pedro the next day, as a willing apology by Commodore Jones for his mistake. His information as to the breaking out of war had been wrong, but it was a prophecy to the Californians of what was to take place four years later.

The tyranny of Micheltorena and the crimes committed by his soldiers soon roused the people of Monterey to action. Alvarado was called from his ranch to be their leader. He went to Vallejo and Castro for help. Vallejo hesitated, preferring to wait until they could be surer of success; but Castro, as ever, was ready to take an active part in driving out an unwelcome governor. A few troops were quickly collected and a proclamation made, declaring that the revolution was for the best interests of all the people, and calling on loyal Californians for assistance against a tyrant.

Since neither side was prepared for war, a peace was patched up. Its most important provisions were that Micheltorena should send his thievish troops back to Mexico within three months, and their officers with them, and that no one should be punished for the part taken in the troubles.

Micheltorena was not the man to keep his word. He fretted under the feeling that Alvarado was watching his administration and ready to check excesses. In a few weeks he was planning new moves against the revolutionists. Knowing that powerful help was needed, he sent to Captain Sutter, asking that he bring in secretly a company of armed foreigners, who should be paid for their services by grants of land. Sutter consented, and formed a company which was willing to help fight the governor's battles.

Cleverly as Micheltorena had covered his treachery, completely as he had deceived Castro, Alvarado was on the alert. The double dealing was discovered, but too late to take any steps against it at San José, where the two leaders were staying. They hurried to Los Angeles, where they and their cause were well received. A meeting of the assembly was called, Micheltorena was deposed, and Pio Pico, the next highest officer in the province, was declared governor by right of succession.

Micheltorena was furious. He hastened his own and Sutter's troops south after the revolutionists. At Cahuenga, near San Fernando, the two forces met. The familiar farce of a bloodless battle was reacted. The artillery on both sides opened fire, killing one horse for the revolutionists. Alvarado's men responded to the encouragement of their leader and dashed toward the enemy. That was enough. The break came on the other side. Sutter began to feel that as a foreigner he was in a ticklish position; Micheltorena thought of his evil government and expected to be made the target of all the enemy's

bullets. Both men concluded that they had seen war enough for that time. Sutter waved a white cloth energetically toward Alvarado; Micheltorena fluttered another frantically in the direction of Castro and his advancing troops.

Again peace was made, but this time there was to be no chance of treachery. Micheltorena and his men were to march to San Pedro, embark on a vessel, go to Monterey for the family of Micheltorena and the rest of the troops, and then the whole party was to sail immediately to Mexico. On second thought another provision was added to the terms of peace. Micheltorena demanded and obtained permission for his troops to march to San Pedro with flags flying and drums beating, and they were to be saluted by the soldiers of Alvarado and Castro. The whole programme was carried out. Micheltorena felt that he left the country without disgrace, and the Californians were glad to be freed of him and his men at so small a cost.

Sutter did not escape so easily. He found himself in the disagreeable position of a prisoner. He was taken to Los Angeles, where he was allowed several days for reflection. At the end of that time he made explanation of his conduct. He had supposed, he said, that he was supporting the regular government of the province, and that it was his duty to give aid to the governor if called on for it. Alvarado and Castro could not afford to make an enemy of so powerful a man. Sutter was allowed to return to his fort near Sacramento, where he was of great assistance in keeping the Indians from dangerous outbreaks.

The last revolution of Spanish California against its Mexican governors was over; the next great encounter was with the Americans, with whom battles were serious affairs.

The departure of Micheltorena for the south left Pio Pico temporary governor, in which position he was soon confirmed by Mexico. In times of peace he might have proved an able governor, but California knew no peace during his short administration. Soon after his appointment the history of the missions was ended by the decree of 1845, already mentioned, by which the land once owned by them was sold or rented.

Pico did not prove himself strong enough to hold together the different parts of his country. He and Castro were soon quarreling, and their differences weakened the whole province. In 1846 Captain John C. Frémont with sixty armed men from the United States approached Monterey. Castro ordered them out of California. Frémont defiantly went into camp and raised the American flag; but he soon thought better of his position and continued his government explorations toward Oregon. In a rage at what he considered a hostile invasion of the country, Castro issued a fiery proclamation. He called Frémont's party a band of highwaymen; he was furious that the American flag had been raised again on Californian soil; and he looked at the presence of such a body of armed men as an insult to Californians and a menace to their rights as Mexican subjects. He wrote again and again to Pico, urging him to send soldiers, to come himself, to take any steps, to drive so dangerous an enemy from the province.

Pico took little notice of what was going on in the north. He was dazed by the disorganization everywhere. War between the United States and Mexico over the annexation of Texas was looked for at any time, and it was expected that one of the first movements of the Americans would be to seize California. This fear paralyzed all efforts to bring order to home affairs. To add to the uncertainties at which the perplexed Pico was helplessly staring, Castro sent word that Frémont was about to return from Oregon into the Sacramento valley. Vallejo reported a current rumor that two thousand American families were on the way west, and would cross the mountains about July. The assembly, which should have been ready with advice and assistance, was unable to do anything. The governor was left to meet the tide of dangers alone. California was facing a new problem, one that might well have puzzled far more experienced statesmen than any who had grown up on the Pacific slope.

Then came the alarming news that Sonoma had been seized by Americans; that Vallejo and three other prominent men had been made prisoners; and that a strange flag was floating over the place. It was the banner of the "bear-flag" republic. The American colors were soon to take its place.

QUESTIONS. — Did Spain choose governors for the provinces because of their fitness for such positions? Did her plan result in any able governors? Were there any weak ones? What difficult problems met those who really wished to help California? What caused the frequent revolutions in California?

# PRONUNCIATION OF FOREIGN WORDS

ä, as in *father*; ā, as in *late*; ȧ, as in *dance*; ç, as in *cell*; ẹ, as in *obey*; ē, as in *be*; ĕ, as in *bet*; ġ, as in *gem*; ï, as in *machine*; ī, as in *bite*; ĭ, as in *bit*; ō, as in *go*; o͞o, as in *moon*; ṣ, as in *his*; ụ, as in *rude* (=o͞o); ȳ, as in *by*.

Ä-chụp′
ȧ-dō′bẹ
Ä-lär-cōn′
äl-cäl′de
Äl-vä-rä′do
Arguello (är-gwĕl′yō)
As-sï′ṣï
ä-tō′lẹ

Bo-de′gä
Bō-rï′cä
bō tä
Boụ-chard′
Buenos Ayres (bwā′nōs ī′rĕs).

Cabeza (kä-bā′thä)
Cabrillo (kä-brēl′yo)
Cä-huĕn′gä
Carillo (kä-rēl′yo)
cä-rrẹ′tä
Castile (käs-tēl′)
Cäs′tro
Chï′cō
Chï′lẹ
Chụ′pụ
Çï′bō-lä
cōm-män-dän′tẹ
Co-ro-nä′do
Cor′teṣ
Cres′pï

Dẹ Nẹ′vẹ
De Vä′cä
Dï-ẹ′go dẹ Bō-rï′cä
dōc-trï′nä

E-chẹ-än′dï-ä

fan-dan′go
Fernandez (fār-nän′deth)
fï-ĕs′tä
Figueroa (fē-gā-rō′ä)
Frаȳ Mär′cōs dẹ Niza (nē′thä).

Galvez (gäl-veth′)
Gäs-pär′
Gutierrez (go͞o-te-är′reth).

Herrera (ăr-rā′rä)

José (hō-zā′)
Juan (ho͞o-än′) Bä-ụ-tïs′tä

Lä Perouse (pā-ro͞oz′)
Lä Pụ-rï′sï-mä Cōn-cep-cï-ōn
Lō-rẹ′tō
Lōs Angeles (äng′hĕl-ĕs).

Mä-ẹs′tro
Ma-ġel′lan
Ma-jor′ca

Mä-nu-el′ Mĭ-chel-tō-re′nä
Mä-rĭ-ä′no Guä-dä-lu′pe Vallejo (väl-yä′hō)
mä-tän′zä
Mendoza (men-dō′thä)
me-tä′te
Mĭ-chĕl-tō-re′nä
Mon-te-rey′
Mon-te-zu′ma
Mō-rä′gä

Nä-vĭ-däd′

Ōr-te′gä

Pä′blo Vĭ-cen′te de Sō′lä
Pä′lo-u
Pe-ru′
Pey′rĭ
Pĭ′nōs
Pĭ′o Pĭ′co
Pĭ-zar′ro
Pōr-to-lä′
pre-sĭ′dĭ-ō
puĕb′lo
Pu-rĭ′sĭ-mä

Quivira (kē-vē′rä)

rän-che′ro
rän′cho
re-bō′so
Refugio (rä-fōō′he-o)
rĭ-ä′tä
rō-de′o

Sän Än-tō′nĭ-o
San Bue-nä-ven-tu′rä
San Cär′lōs
San Dĭ-e′go
San Fer-nän′do
San Frän-cĭs′co Do-lō′res
San Francisquito (frän-sēs-kē′to)
San Gä-brĭ-el′
San José (hō-sā′)
San Juan (hōō-än′) Bä-u-tĭs′tä
San Juan Cä-pĭs-trä′no
San Lu-ĭs O-bĭs′po
San Luis Rey
San Miguel (mē-gāl′)
San Pe′dro
San Rä-fä-ĕl′
Sän′tä Cä-tä-lĭ′nä
Santa Clä′rä
Santa Cruz (krōōth)
Santa Fé
Santa Inez (ē-neth′)
Señor (sā-nyōr′)
se-rä′pe
Se′rrä
Sĭs′kĭ-you
Sō′lä
Sō-lä′no
Sō-le-däd′
Sō-lĭs′
sōm-bre′ro
Sō-nō′ma

ta-ker′si-a
Tejos (tā′hōs)
tu′le

Ulloa (ōōl-yō′ä)

Vallejo (väl-yä′hō)
Van-cou′ver
vaquero (vä-kā′ro)
Ve′rä Cruz
Vĭc-tō′rĭ-ä
Vĭ′lä
Vĭs-cal′no

Yer′bä Bue′nä

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